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A "RED" CHINESE SOLDIER LIKE THE WHITE KNIGHT: TOWELS, TEA-KETTLE, AND COW-HORN.

The Chinese soldier, though he may be a good fighter equipped with modern arms and wearing uniform of European style, is apt to lack the right air of military smartness and to look a little slovenly. This one's array of utensils slung around him rather suggests the White Knight in "Alice." The mentality of the Chinese "Red" armies is indicated in

a Reuter message from Hong-Kong, which says: "There is renewed anti-British boycott agitation here. Chinese soldiers are distributing hand-bills with the slogan, 'Down with British Imperialism.' A pictorial Chinese poster states that 'Lenin is the Mother (sic) of Communism and the Life-star of all those races who are being conquered by Imperialism.'"

PHOTOGRAPH BY TOPICAL.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

A MAN organising Community Singing told me the other day that a worthy citizen, on whom he had urged this practice, had replied with a surly voice and a fiery eye: "Why don't you go back to Russia?" It had then dawned on the organiser that Community Singing was identified with Communist Singing. It was supposed that he would instantly lead off with the "Red Flag," and that anybody surviving that dirge would go on to sing (with the words and accent that I remember as common in my Socialist days)—

L'Internationally
Unites the human race,

or the lines I once heard sung over and over again, in thin and pathetically piping voices, by five little girls in a row: "When the Revolution comes, when the Revolution comes, when the Revolution comes, the Sowshal Revolution." I confess I thought the capitalist order was safe against any attack of which these were the battalions and this the battle-hymn. Anyhow, there is a prevalent notion, it would appear, that Community means Communism. It would seem rather hard if a social evening always meant Socialism. But such is the symbolic and indirect effect of words. This incident has a great many morals, but there is one moral which I am disposed to mention in this place.

Somewhere about fifty or sixty years ago there occurred in our history a Gap; a sort of break almost comparable to the Gap admitted to exist between the relative retirement of Roman civilisation, or at least of Roman organised defence, and that coming of Augustine and rise of the great kings of Wessex which was the beginning of the return of civilisation that culminated in the Norman Conquest. It was, indeed, a gap of exactly the opposite sort. What happened between the departure of the legions and the coming of the missionaries of St. Gregory was the failure of all formal records and rational laws and the persistence of nothing but popular legends and unwritten traditions. That is why, of course, the one great man whose figure fills the gap has become largely a legendary figure, only handed down by popular tradition—King Arthur. But what happened somewhere between the First Reform Bill and the Franco-Prussian War was exactly the opposite. It was the clearer and clearer continuity of formal records and rational or rationalist legislation, the coming of more scientific history and more conscious culture. But it was combined with the loss of the very things that had managed to survive even in the Dark Ages.

It was the loss, in England at least, of those very popular traditions and local and domestic culture which even the barbarians could not destroy. Everything was to be handed down by being written down; but what had never been written down was not handed down at all. Everything was to be learnt from a book; but what had never been in a book was never learnt again. Numberless songs perished, because they had only been learnt by heart. Numberless arts perished, because they had only been done by hand. In many ways men were ruled better than they were before; especially better than they were just before. They were under a rule that was in some respects a more logical and universal rule. But they lost all sense of the meaning of one most human and humane sort of rule, a rule often far more practically free and fruitful than that of the sceptres and the swords; a rule by which great masses of men in the past had really been governed—that which is called rule of thumb.

Anyhow, it was about that time that thousands of such things faded. Old recipes for cookery or

for cures, long preserved in families, were for the first time neglected. Old tricks of manual training, especially in the agricultural crafts, were for the first time despised. Signs and tests touching the weather or the seasons, once always relied on and generally reliable, were by some queer mental confusion classed with superstitions. The countrymen went to the towns. What was even worse, the town schoolmasters went into the country. Doubtless it was a good thing that the schoolmaster should teach the yokel to read and write. But nobody suggested that the yokel should teach the schoolmaster to hedge and thatch. If there had been that exchange of good offices, education might really

When we attempt to restore things once entirely popular, it is extraordinarily difficult to avoid giving them the touch of something priggish. The town schoolmaster has to teach the rustics to dance a Morrice Dance almost as severely as he once taught them not to dance a Morrice Dance. He has to reconstruct the rural system of sport almost as sternly and systematically as he once destroyed it. He has to chain people to the Maypole and conscript them into the army of the Mummings.

To some of the people affected the word Morrice seems really as foreign as the word Morisco. The business of the Mummings really does seem only a mummery. They were robbed of it when it was native; they recover it when it is alien. Things that were English for a thousand years really seem as if they were once more being imported from Spain or from Provence. When people tried to start the decent old English habit of sitting on ale-house benches, to drink outside the ale-house, they were forced to say they were trying to establish "something like the Continental café." When the Englishman rediscovered the noble function of making a fool of himself, he did not dress up as an English Merry-Andrew or Jack-in-the-Green. He went to a fancy-dress ball dressed up as a French clown called Pierrot. And when he is asked to join in so obvious, so native, so normal a thing as simply singing in chorus, as his fathers did before him, he darts a suspicious look at his adviser and says: "Why don't you go back to Russia?"

I can remember that my own grandfather thought it perfectly natural to have Community Singing. Only he did not call it Community Singing. He called it singing. He thought it as natural as eating and drinking and talking and laughing. All these five things generally went together; and he always expected people to sing in chorus round a table; very rightly scorning the petty and pedantic question of whether or no they were able to sing. The sound social principle of those times went far beyond even the proverb that says, "Little birds that can sing and won't sing must be made to sing." The nobler motto of those manlier days was, "Little birds who can't sing and won't sing shall be jolly well made to sing." But I only mention this personal memory to emphasise my meaning about the date of the Gap. It is so short a time ago as that, that the old continuous custom was still alive, essentially as it had been when Caedmon retired from the old Saxon banquet at Whitby because he knew he would be made to sing.

It certainly seems a pity that something that was so long quite spontaneous, and flowed from the spirit of our populace, should now have to be reintroduced with a faint suggestion of something like a Serbian folk song or a band of Magyar singers playing strange and barbaric instruments. But I hope I shall not be misunderstood as suggesting that the movement for Community Singing is not, on whatever terms, an excellent thing for the community. So far as I have observed, its false novelty soon wears off, and its true and ancient familiarity soon makes itself felt in the instincts of all sorts of people. I suspect that even the man who began by saying that the singer should go back to Russia ended by realising that the song had only come back to England. I firmly believe that this part of the resurrection of tradition, at least, will be entirely successful. And we can all join in wishing success to the Community singer who was accused of being a Communist; though unfortunately we cannot (in print or on this page) express our unanimity in a loud and deafening chorus.



PRIESTS AT PRAYER—AND TEA—IN A CHINESE TEMPLE NEAR HANGCHOW: A CURIOUS BLEND OF RELIGION AND REFECTION, IN A DISTRICT NOW A "BONE OF CONTENTION" BETWEEN NORTH AND SOUTH IN THE CIVIL WAR.

This interesting photograph shows a group of Chinese priests at their devotions in a temple near Hangchow, capital of the province of Chekiang. Tea is served during prayers, and teacups are seen on the table at which the priests are kneeling. The pillars are of Oregon pine, a gift from the late President Yuan-shih-ki. Hangchow (not to be confused with Hankow) lies over one hundred miles south-west of Shanghai, near the mouth of the Chien-tang River in Hangchow Bay, and is considered the most beautiful city in China. It was occupied by the Cantonese, but they evacuated it last month, and the northern troops of Sun Chuan-fang entered, as illustrated on other pages in this number.

have done good. As it was, it often meant spreading all over the country the special ignorance of the town.

But, in any case, one result of what I have called the Victorian Gap was this: certain things, normal to all nations, totally disappeared for one or two generations at least. Because they are normal to all nations, they are now being sought for and re-established by all sensible nations. Unfortunately, when they are thus preached anew, they sound like something imported from foreign nations. They have to have new names, like names in a foreign language.

SEETHING CHINA: OUR DEFENCE MEASURES AND THEIR JUSTIFICATION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, SPORT AND GENERAL, AND PRIVATE CORRESPONDENTS.



A ROOM IN A BRITISH RESIDENT'S HOME AT KIUKIANG RANSACKED BY CHINESE LOOTERS: GOOD CAUSE FOR MOVING THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN TO SHANGHAI AND SENDING A DEFENCE FORCE THITHER.



A BRITISH CONSULATE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE RIVER YANGTSE: LAUNCHES USED AS THE TRANSFERRED OFFICES ALONGSIDE H.M.S. "WIVERN" A DESTROYER, OFF KIUKIANG.



WHERE THE FIRST REGIMENTS OF THE DEFENCE FORCE (GLOUCESTERS AND DURHAMS) RECENTLY ARRIVED AMID MUCH ENTHUSIASM: SHANGHAI—SOME OF THE STREET DEFENCES OF BARBED WIRE.



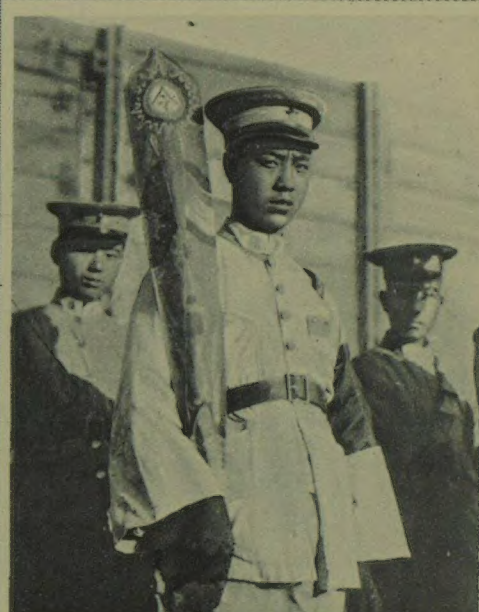
CIVILIANS IN THE CONCESSION AT SHANGHAI BUSY PUTTING UP BOMB-PROOF WIRE DEFENCES AT THE END OF A SIDE STREET: MEASURES VERY NECESSARY AFTER THE EVENTS AT HANKOW AND KIUKIANG.



A CANTONESE "OBSERVATION POST": A BAMBOO TOWER BUILT AT FOOCHOW TO WATCH FOR THE APPROACH OF ANY NORTHERN FORCES.



AT THE GATE OF THE KIUKIANG CONCESSION: THREE BRITISH MARINES (LEFT) WITH CHINESE NATIONALIST ARMY "SPECIALS" AND A REGULAR POLICEMAN (RIGHT).



WITH THE "YELLOW BOARD" GIVING THEM POWER OF LIFE AND DEATH: A PATROL OF "ANTI-RED" CHINESE MILITARY POLICE.

THE first units of the Shanghai Defence Force—the 2nd Battalions of the Gloucestershire Regiment and the Durham Light Infantry—arrived there on February 14, and marched to their quarters five miles from the docks, amid enthusiastic greetings from the inhabitants of the International Settlement, and to the obvious relief of Chinese business men. How necessary it was to despatch this protective force may be seen from such a photograph as the first one on this page, which shows what happened to British residents' houses at Kiukiang, as at Hankow. "Let it not be forgotten," wrote a "Times" correspondent recently from Shanghai, "that large numbers of British homes up and down the Yangtse Valley have been wrecked and plundered, and their owners

(Continued opposite.)



WITH THEIR BIG SUN-HATS, LOOKING LIKE WICKER SHIELDS, SLUNG ON THEIR BACKS: CANTONESE TROOPS IN THE BRITISH CONCESSION AT HANKOW

(Continued.)

in many instances brutally maltreated by these so-called Nationalists, who, moreover, are actually in occupation of stolen British property at Hankow and Kiukiang, of which they gained possession by deliberately inciting an attack by an organised mob." The lower right-hand photograph was taken in the front line of the Ankuochun (Anti-Cantonese) Army in Kiangsu. "It shows" (says an accompanying note) "the Emblem of Life or Death. As the army advances, the first unit to follow the troops is that of the military police, who establish law and order. The man shown here is the bearer of the 'Yellow Board,' which is the *luchow* from the Commander investing the patrol with the power of life and death. Spreaders of "Red" Communism are beheaded on the spot."

CHINESE TROOPS ARMED WITH SPEARS: "WHITES" RETAKE HANGCHOW.



SUN CHUAN-FANG'S FORCES ENTERING HANGCHOW, THE CAPITAL OF CHEKIANG, WHERE THEY RECENTLY COMPELLED THE CANTONESE TO RETREAT TO THE MOUNTAINS: TROOPS ARMED IN PART WITH SPEARS, INSTEAD OF RIFLES, BUT MANY CARRYING REVOLVERS OR AUTOMATIC PISTOLS.



WITH THE LONG IRON-POINTED SPEARS WHICH MANY OF THEM CARRY INSTEAD OF RIFLES: ANOTHER SECTION OF THE NORTHERN ARMY MARCHING INTO HANGCHOW, WHERE THEY ARE SAID TO BE NOT VERY POPULAR, AND FEW FLAGS WERE PUT OUT TO WELCOME THEM.

Hangchow, the capital of the province of Chekiang, a hundred miles and more south-west of Shanghai, must be carefully distinguished from Hankow, the city on the Yangtse, 300 miles up that river from Shanghai, where the British Concession was overrun. In a message from Shanghai on February 11, referring to the Chinese civil war of North v. South, the "Morning Post" correspondent said: "The veil has been lifted from the military operations in Chekiang, where the Cantonese have been making a desperate effort to break through the mountain passes of the Chekiang-Kiangsi border and reach Hangchow via the Chientang River. At the end of last month they succeeded in advancing through Chuchow

to a little north of Lanchi on the road to Yenchow. Then a well-planned encircling movement by Pei Pao-shan, the general commanding the 5th Division of Sun Chuan-fang's army, forced the Cantonese to retreat to the mountains." Our photographs, of course, illustrate an earlier stage of the campaign, about the middle of last month, when the Cantonese evacuated Hangchow, and the Northern army (of Sun Chuan-fang) reoccupied it. According to our correspondent, the Northerners are not very popular there, and few flags were put out to welcome them. Many of the soldiers are armed with long iron-pointed spears in place of rifles, but also carry a revolver or an automatic pistol.

AT HANGCHOW: A SOUTHERN "BOOBY-TRAP"; A MISSIONARY HOSPITAL.



A CHINESE IMITATION OF A FAVOURITE GERMAN GREAT WAR DEVICE: HAVOC OF A HIDDEN MINE THAT DESTROYED BARRACKS AT HANGCHOW, AND KILLED MANY OF THE NORTHERN SOLDIERS WHEN THEY ENTERED THE CITY—SHOWING A MAN HALF-CONCEALED IN THE DEEP CRATER.



THE CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY'S HOSPITAL AT HANGCHOW, WHERE ALL SPARE BEDS HAVE BEEN FILLED WITH CHINESE SOLDIERS WOUNDED IN THE RECENT FIGHTING: A VIEW OF THE ENTRANCE, INSCRIBED OVER THE DOORWAY "C.M.S. HOSPITAL."

China has not only learnt from Europe the use of modern weapons of warfare, tactics, and equipment, but has gone so far as to adopt the "booby-trap" methods which the Germans introduced in the Great War. When the troops of Sun Chuan-fang entered Hangchow, and proceeded to occupy their quarters, a hidden mine laid by sympathisers of the Cantonese, who had just left the city, caused a terrific explosion, demolishing one of the barracks, and killing a number of soldiers. The Church Missionary Society's hospital at Hangchow has 300 beds. Although missionaries in many parts of China have been subjected to threats and

ill-treatment during the disturbances, and have had to flee for their lives to Shanghai, this hospital devoted all its spare beds to Chinese soldiers wounded in the civil war. Hangchow, which has never become a first-rate treaty port, owing to the shallowness of the bay, has only a small foreign settlement. A few foreign firms, and a number of missions, are established at Zakow, a little town some three miles away. The population of Hangchow is about 600,000, and its industries include cotton-spinning, silk-weaving, and the manufacture of fans and paper. The city is very picturesque, and has been called "the garden of China."



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



MERMAIDS.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

ALTHOUGH my capacity for surprise—I had almost said, with advancing years, but I refuse to recognise them—has become greatly dulled, a day or two ago it was galvanised into activity. A journalist brought me a letter for my comment, written by a lady who, in passing quite recently down the Red Sea, had seen a "veritable mermaid." Hitherto, she averred, she had regarded such creatures as mere figments of the imagination; but now she no longer doubted, for had she not just seen one with her own eyes? It was some nine feet long, very like a woman, but emphatically ugly. Its face was hideous; its hands looked as though they had been thrust into some fingerless glove; but it had no legs. The body terminated in a great round, flat tail, and its skin, which was bare, was dark-grey in colour. But there it was, an indubitable "mermaid"! This letter was apparently written in all seriousness. And I marvel at it.

The belief in mermaids dates back to a hoary antiquity, and in its passage along the corridors of time it has been accompanied by a series of progressive stages of uglification. If any doubt this, let him hark back to the story of the mermaids encountered by the Argonauts. The mind of the ancient Greek revelled in beauty. The Argonauts, it will be remembered, drifted on, beyond the Tyrrhenian shore, till they came to a flowery island, and lo! before them, on the beach of Anthemousa, stood three Sirens beneath a red rock, in the setting sun, among beds of crimson poppies and golden asphodel. The birds, the beasts, and the fishes, and even the very clouds, hung motionless, so that they might revel in the exquisite music wherewith these Sirens sought to lure their human listeners to destruction. Even Orpheus, at first, could not rouse the bemused crew, till at last, crashing his cunning hand across

attempts to impose on the credulous by crude concoctions made by grafting the head of a monkey on to the body of a fish (Fig. 1). I have seen many of these, and an excellent sample was figured, some sixty years ago, by that quaint recorder of natural history, Frank Buckland, with the surpassingly beautiful Greek conception so gloriously described by Charles Kingsley (Fig. 3). Those who "go down to the sea in ships" and see the wonders of the great deep, are all too prone to add overmuch embroidery to what they have seen, and to present to the mere "land-lubber" nothing more than a caricature of

puzzled me. This fin is formed of two "flukes" of fibrous tissue, supported on the axial rod formed by the last of the tail-vertebræ. It has, of course, been independently acquired by each group, and evidently in response to the same stimuli—resistance to the viscosity of water.

But how comes it that, while the tail-flukes of the manatee are discoidal in shape, those of the dugong and Steller's sea-cow—now extinct—were drawn out into points like those of a whale? Apparently this change came about when these animals took to a marine life, where strong currents have to be resisted—for the manatees are fluvatile.

There is one other peculiarity worth mentioning, and that is the absence of a dorsal fin. This is generally well developed in the whale-tribe, but here there are some interesting exceptions. It reaches its maximum size in the killer-whale, wherein, at any rate in the old bulls, it may attain a height of as much as six feet. It is well developed in the rorquals, which are capable of a high speed, but it is absent in the huge "right-whales," the still larger sperm-whale, the narwhal, the white whale, and some river dolphins. The fin probably plays an important part where great speed is developed, serving to steady the body; where movement is comparatively sluggish, it is probably not needed. This is a point well worth

further attention.

There are many other peculiarities of these animals deserving mention, but enough has been said to show that these creatures, studied in relation to their environment and their mode of life, are indeed beautiful. But that beauty vanishes the moment we start making comparisons with the human body, which, at its best, is incomparably the most beautiful of all bodies, living or extinct. When we think

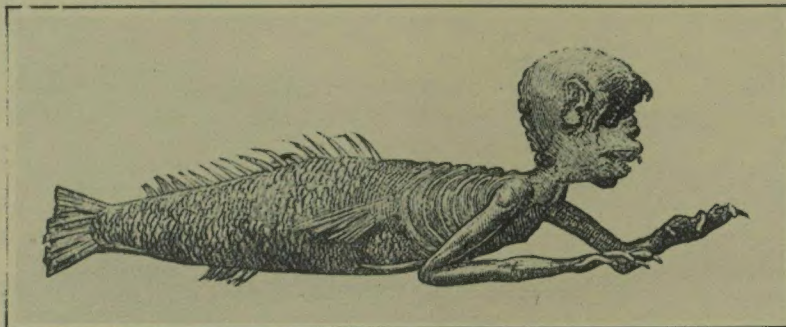


FIG. 1. THE MERMAID OF MODERN FICTION: AN UGLY AND IMPOSSIBLE HYBRID.

In modern times the theme of the "mermaid" is exploited by the unscrupulous, who concoct impossible monsters, half-mammal, half-fish.—[From an old Drawing by Frank Buckland.]

these wonders. No more striking evidence of this can be found than in their stories of mermaids. These have various sources. Porpoises and dolphins have a share. But seals, probably, form the foundation of most. These animals have a habit of thrusting the head and shoulders out of the water when roused by curiosity, and the head, at such times, it must be admitted, has something of a human look. But in warmer seas the dugong and the manatee have played an important part.

The mermaid which the lady so vividly describes, freshly taken from the Red Sea, was, without the smallest possibility of doubt, a dugong. Compare the accompanying picture (Fig. 2) with her description. I have seen many "plain" women, but never yet one quite so "plain" as the face of the dugong! As compared with the human body, the body of the dugong and its kindred is the very personification of ungainly ugliness.

But study this body by itself, and, in relation to its mode of life, and it becomes a thing of beauty, for it displays a most wonderful adaptation to its environment. The creature becomes still more marvellous directly we realise that time was when it was a land-dweller, and walked upon four legs. Today but two—the fore-limbs—remain. The hind-legs, and the bony girdle which supported them, are to be found reduced to mere vestiges embedded in the muscular body-wall, beneath the skin. They gradually withered away because they served no useful purpose.

The fore-limbs, on the other hand, have undergone a slow transformation, till now they have assumed the form of "flippers," hands from which the fingers have been riven off. But this is really not so, for you will find them directly you remove the skin. Such hands are far more efficient for their purpose than they would be if the fingers had remained separate.

The transformation of a walking fore-limb into a "flipper" of this type has taken place in a considerable number of animals in no wise related. Those ancient "sea-dragons," the ichthyosaurs and plesiosaurs, and the modern turtles among the reptiles, the penguins among the birds, and the whale-tribe, have all undergone the same modification. They have yielded to the moulding force of their environment. Only the ancient "sea-dragons" and the penguin retained the hind-limbs; but in the first-named these legs have entered into the vestigial stage: they no longer served any useful purpose. The seals and sea-lions afford us an insight into the processes of this change from walking limbs to "flippers."

The evolution of the horizontal tail-fin in the dugong and his kindred, and the whale-tribe, has always

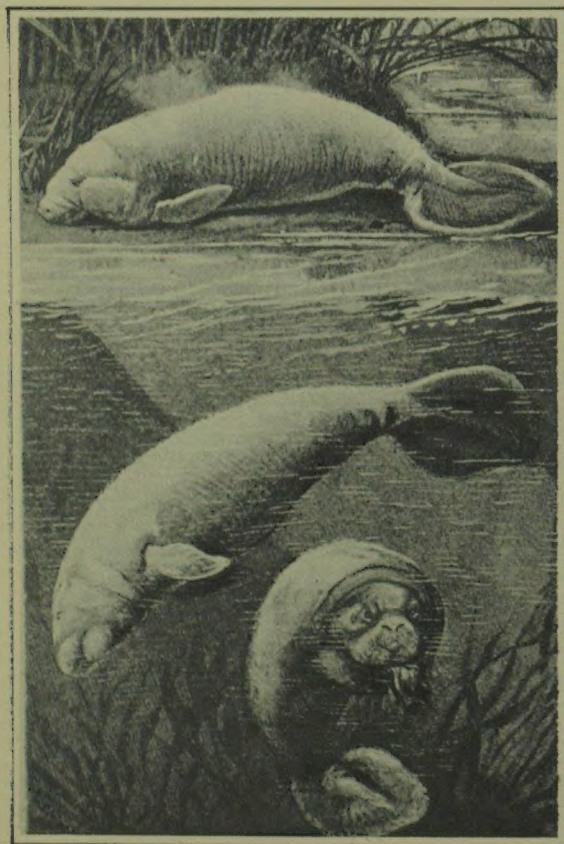


FIG. 2. THE "MERMAID" OF REALITY: THE DUGONG—A SOURCE OF MANY STORIES.

The dugong and its kindred have laid the foundation of many "mermaid" stories, though these animals cannot be said to present any appreciable likeness to the human body.

the strings of his harp, he sang the song of Perseus, and roused them from their stupor and an awful death.

Compare these beauties with the stodgy conceptions of the Western mind, and the clownish



FIG. 3. THE MERMAID OF GREEK LEGEND: THE SIRENS AND THE ARGO.

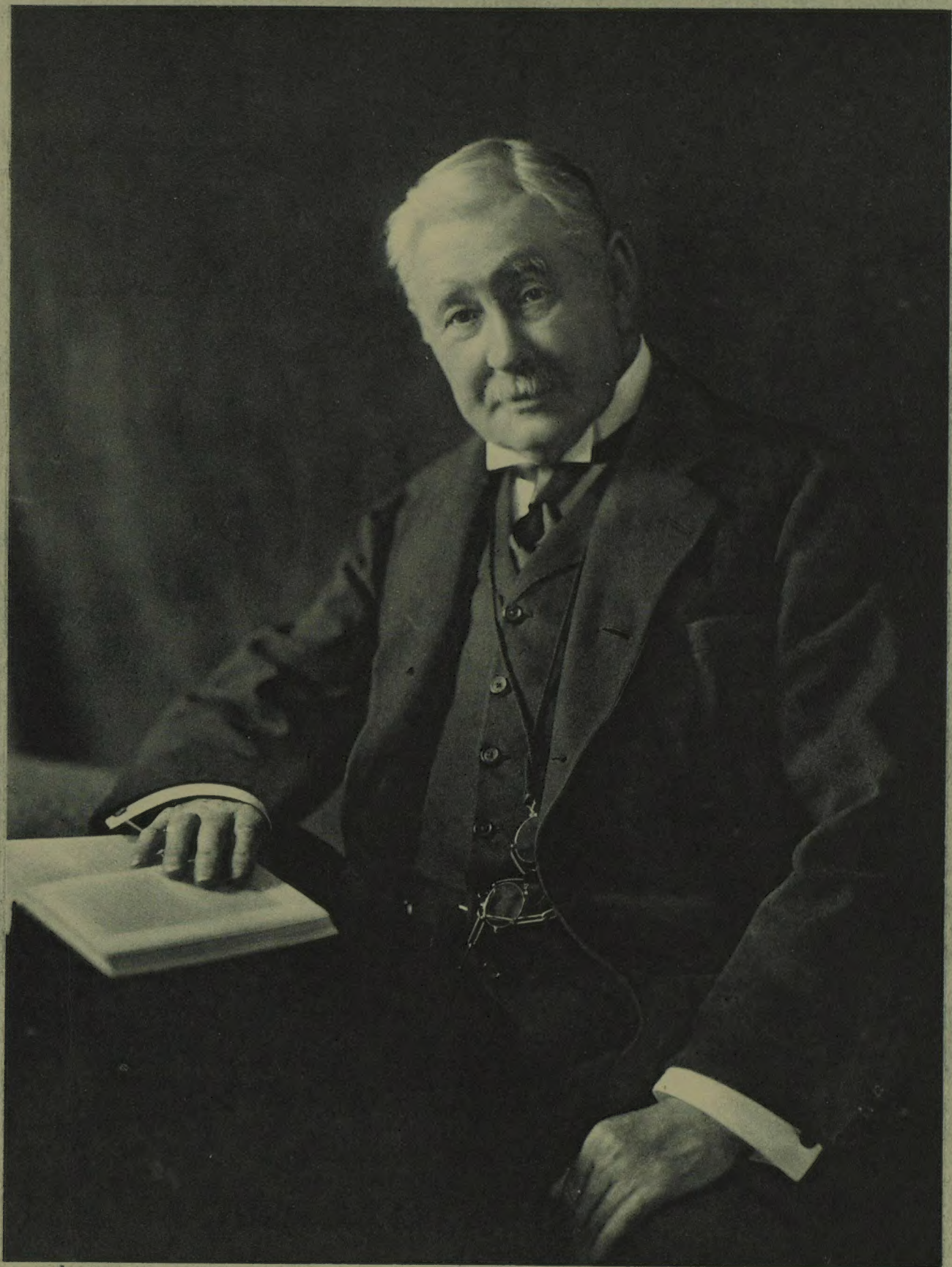
The mermaid of the ancient Greeks lured men to their doom by their beauty and their seductive music. Here are seen three Sirens who so nearly captured the Argonauts!

From Kingsley's "Heroes," by Courtesy of Messrs. Dent and Co.

of "mermaids," then, let us think of them as the ancient Greeks saw them; for if they were full of wickedness, they were also full of beauty—the two often go together!

"TAY PAY" TO TELL HIS LIFE IN OUR PAGES.

PHOTOGRAPH BY VANDYK.



*Vandyk
London*

T. P. O'Connor

ENGAGED IN WRITING HIS AUTOBIOGRAPHY FOR THIS PAPER: THE RT. HON. T. P. O'CONNOR, M.P., P.C.,
"FATHER" OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS AND A LIVING "ENCYCLOPÆDIA" OF REMINISCENCES.

We have great pleasure in announcing that Mr. T. P. O'Connor is about to contribute his autobiography to this paper in serial form. We need hardly point out that it will be one of the most interesting autobiographies that have ever been written, for "T. P.," of course, has known everybody worth knowing, and has been known to everybody, for the last fifty years or more. His name is a household word, and he is famous as one of the finest after-dinner speakers. Born at Athlone

in 1848, he was first elected to Parliament, as Nationalist Member for Galway, in 1880, and since 1885 has sat for the Scotland Division of Liverpool. He is now the "Father" of the House of Commons. In journalism he is no less distinguished. He was founder and first Editor of the "Star," the "Sun," and the "Weekly Sun." His books include biographies of Beaconsfield, Parnell, and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. In 1916 he became President of the Trade Board of Film Censors.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

BOOKS are the magic argosies wherein the stay-at-home may sail on voyages of adventure. Most of us are compelled, willy-nilly, to be stay-at-homes, for reasons connected with our interior economy and the means available to keep it in working order, but books enable us to go in the spirit where we cannot go in the flesh. Though some writers—as I shall note later—extol the joys of home and garden, they too, I suspect, at times look wistfully towards the horizon. Even that poet who praises—

Sweet Stay-at-home, sweet Well-content,
Thou knowest of no strange continent;

has confessed to a vagabond career as "a Super-Tramp."

Scientific voyaging has never been more delightfully described and pictured than in "THE 'ARCTURUS' ADVENTURE": An Account of the New York Zoological Society's First Oceanographic Expedition. By William Beebe, Director of the Department of Tropical Research. With seventy-seven Illustrations from Coloured Plates, Photographs and Maps (Putnam; 25s.). Those of our readers who remember Mr. Beebe's illustrated articles in our pages last year on adventures in the Sargasso Sea and Pacific waters, or who have read his last book, "Galapagos: World's End," are aware that he is not only a scientist, but a popular writer with a strong sense of humour and the picturesque. His new volume draws once more on the inexhaustible interest of the same regions. The "high lights" of the book are undoubtedly the fish of tropic seas, so strange in form and hue, as shown in many of the beautiful colour-plates.

What fascinates me most of all, however, is the author's story of his diving adventures for submarine observation, clad in a bathing-suit with a glass-windowed copper helmet. Thus equipped, he came to what I should consider uncomfortably close quarters with sharks, devil fish, sea-lions, and other denizens of the deep that live "as men do at land; the great ones eat up the little ones." But for Mr. Beebe the shark has no more terrors than a taxi-cab. In comment on a hair-raising description of these man-eating "wolves of the sea" by Zane Grey, the big-game fisherman, who had visited the Galapagos on his advice, he says: "Less than a month after he (Mr. Grey) left this wonderful bay, the *Arcturus* anchored in it, and . . . Dr. Gregory, Ruth Rose, myself, and all the rest of my staff were diving in helmets, and walking about the bottom, with these self-same 'man-eating' sharks swimming by and around and over us, dashing at and taking our hooked fish, but, except for a mild curiosity, paying no attention to ourselves." He admits, however, that "the tiger shark," which may be 30 ft. long, is "an uncertain character—safe enough usually, but to be interviewed with the iron ladder between us."

Some may prefer meeting a shark to climbing a precipice. It is all a matter of taste. Neither form of activity appeals to me particularly, but of the two I should rather choose the precipice, for, while having few peaks to my cap loftier than Ludgate Hill, I retain a prejudice against riding inside, like the lady of Riga. So stuffy! Precipices galore, and all the thrills and spinal shudders associated, for one reader at least, with the conquest of Alpine peaks, are to be found in two notable additions to the literature of mountaineering. One is "ON HIGH HILLS": Memories of the Alps. By Geoffrey Winthrop Young. With twenty-four Illustrations (Methuen; 18s.). The other is "ZERMATT AND ITS VALLEY." By François Gos. Translated by F. F. Roget. With 157 Illustrations and a Folding Map (Cassell; 15s.).

Mr. Winthrop Young is no less a poet than an alpinist, and doubtless from his own verse are the lines that aptly introduce each chapter, as thus—

In this short span
Between my finger-tips on the smooth edge
And these tense feet cramped to the crystal ledge
I hold the life of man.

His prose also is touched with poetic imagination, which makes his book not only an epic of peril and adventure among the heights, but the confession of a mountaineer's philosophy.

Mr. Young allows that there are many things to climb besides precipices. "Byron liked a steeple, many undergraduates like roofs, Christina was made a saint for ascending colonnades, R. L. Stevenson enjoyed a haystack, Virgil preferred hills, and made at least one experiment in 'pot-holing' . . . at school at Tolentum." Before taking us to Switzerland, the author tells of his own school-day climbs in Wales, and later in Lakeland and the Irish

hills. In the Alps, one of the many dangers he escaped was a thundering rock-fall on the Gabelhorn, of whose sound he was reminded when "the 17-inchers began to fall upon Ypres."

That grim pinnacle of tragic memories, the Matterhorn, which has place among Mr. Young's early Swiss experiences, is the dominating background of the above-mentioned work by François Gos, who incidentally commends Mr. Young's writings. The letterpress in "Zermatt and Its Valley" is more historical and topographical than personal, describing in turn the chief centres of the locality. Among the events recalled is the great disaster of the first ascent of the Matterhorn, in 1865, and among the illustrations is a portrait of Edward Whymper (a survivor) in climbing kit. The feature of this book, however, is the surpassing beauty of the numerous photographs.

The linguistic or ethnological motive in nomadry (my word!) is seen at its best in a new edition of "A YEAR AMONG THE PERSIANS," by Edward Granville Browne;

of self-revelation. He describes, for example, how during his sojourn in Persia he cured himself of a craving for opium.

The mildest of hobbies, as, for instance, the collection of plants and flowers, may lead a man into strange places and set his feet on the paths of adventure. This form of *Wanderlust* finds expression in "FARRER'S LAST JOURNEY," Upper Burma, 1910-20. By E. H. M. Cox; with a list of all rhododendrons collected by Reginald Farrer, and his field notes, compiled by Miss Helen T. Maxwell; with twenty-eight photographs by the author (Dulau; 18s.). Mr. Cox soon dispels the idea that plant-collecting is an easy job. "A minor horror," he says, "is the spectre in front of you that all the flowers which you have toiled up mountains to collect have already been introduced from elsewhere, and may be blooming in a Tooting garden." Another slur on an estimable suburb! If I lived there, as I once did—almost—I should be inclined to reply:

"The flowers that bloom in Too-Ting, tra-la, have nothing to do with the case"; or else: "That which we call a rhododendron may smell as sweet in Tooting as Rangoon." Tooting knows too well what's in a name.

Although the primary appeal of Mr. Cox's book is, of course, to the botanist and the horticulturist, it also has much to attract the ordinary reader, as a picture of native life and character among little-known tribes in the Burma mountains. Added to that is the interest of Farrer's personality. "He brooked no revolt against his authority," writes Mr. Cox, "yet we were all willing to follow him. Apart from his profound knowledge of history and literature, he had a magnificent brain, and a biting, and often cruel, wit that he used with perfect impartiality." Nevertheless, he and Mr. Cox came through a year's companionship "with friendship unimpaired."

That we need not leave our native land to enjoy communion with nature, on the heights or in the valley, and to find romance, is made clear in "THE SECRET OF THE WILD," by W. R. Calvert (Hutchinson; 12s. 6d.). It is the story of a foundling boy brought up by a wise old mole-catcher (a hermit with a past) among the fells and dales of Lakeland. This is the best book of its kind that I have come across—the kind that tells the ways of bird and beast in the form of a tale, with a slender thread of love interest woven at last into a charming idyll. Nor does it lack the thrill of danger: the grim fight of the boy and the hounds with an escaped wolf is a scene that reminds me of Hereward. It is a pity there are no illustrations.

To nature-lovers of a domestic type I recommend three books conceived in a spirit of tranquillity, and treating, in different ways, of "the purest of human pleasures." In "THE NEW BOOK OF TREES," By Marcus Woodward, with Woodcuts and Drawings by C. Dillon McGurk (Philpot; 12s. 6d.), the author tells, in pleasantly discursive vein, the romantic associations of our British trees, with many historical and literary allusions and short botanical notes. As to the cedar, I think the author might have added to his quotations one from Tennyson's "Maud."

"A DIARY OF AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY GARDEN." By the hand of Dion Clayton Calthrop. With Decorations (including coloured frontispiece) by Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale (Williams and Norgate; 7s. 6d.), purports to be based on an actual diary by a certain "Mr. Anderson," a country squire devoted to his flowers and bees. Doubt has been expressed whether the book is an invention or a real antique. From internal evidence, and the absence of exact data as to locality and origin, I decide that it is a *tour de force* on the part of Mr. Calthrop, and a very clever one. There is no reason why historical romance should not take a Pepsysian form.

The third of the trio is "THE MANSE GARDEN." By the Rev. N. Paterson, D.D. Illustrated in Colour by Margaret Waterfield (Foulis; 4s. 6d.). A Scottish minister here gives, in old-fashioned style, sound practical advice on clerical horticulture, while urging the moral value of gardening. Lest it be thought that "the Author can be no faithful labourer in the Lord's vineyard," he has adopted an assumed name. I have seldom met a pseudonym that savoured less of the fanciful.

C. E. B.

Tutankhamen's Jewels for the First Time.

IN the next Issue of "The Illustrated London News" we are reproducing in FULL COLOURS the . . .

Marvellous Jewellery found on the Mummy of Tutankhamen:

A GOLD PECTORAL REPRESENTING THE BA BIRD.
THE COLLAR OF NEKHEBET—of 255 GOLD PLAQUES.
THE KING'S GOLD PERFUME-BOX.
THE PECTORAL OF THE KHEPER BEETLES.
THE NEKHEBET VULTURE PECTORAL.

The Ritualistic Placing of the Jewels on the Royal Mummy will also be illustrated, and it will be shown how the objects were disposed in 101 separate groups IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE RITUAL OF THE BOOK OF THE DEAD. Further, there will be wonderful reproductions of RINGS, PECTORALS, BRACELETS, all illustrating the superb workmanship of the master craftsmen of the Egypt of Tutankhamen's day.

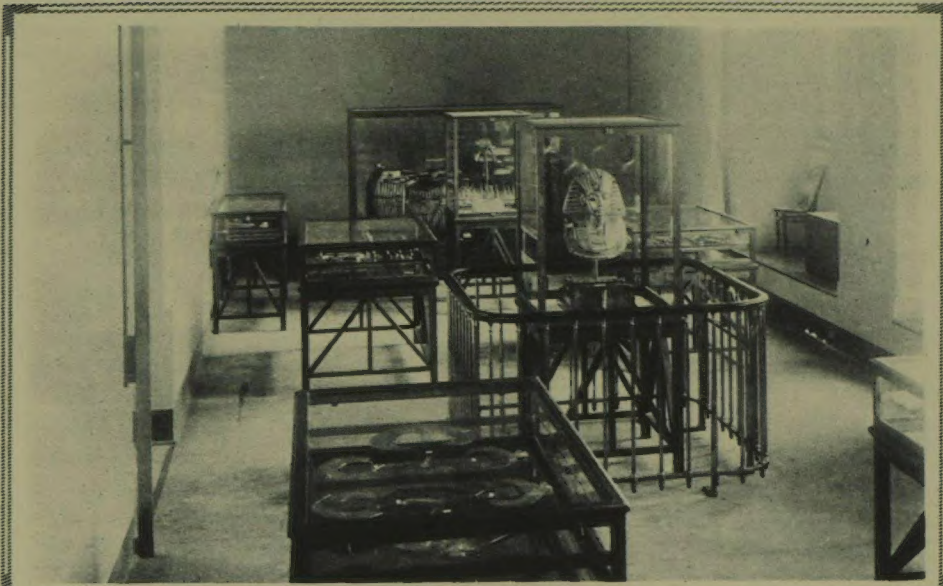
The price of the issue will be as usual, One Shilling.

with a Memoir by Sir E. Denison Ross; portrait frontispiece (Cambridge University Press; 25s.). As described in the sub-title, the work contains "impressions as to the life, character, and thought of the people of Persia received during twelve months' residence in that country in the years 1887-8." Sir E. Denison Ross, who is Principal of the School of Oriental Studies, pitches high his note of encomium. "That one of the world's most fascinating and instructive books of travel," he says, "should have been allowed to remain out of print for many years is past comprehension. . . . It will, we may hope, at last take its rightful place among the great Classics of Travel. . . . Apart from its lively and entrancing description of Persia and its people, it is an infallible guide to modern Persian literature and thought, and should always find its place on the student's shelf beside the author's monumental *Literary History of Persia*." Who could say more?

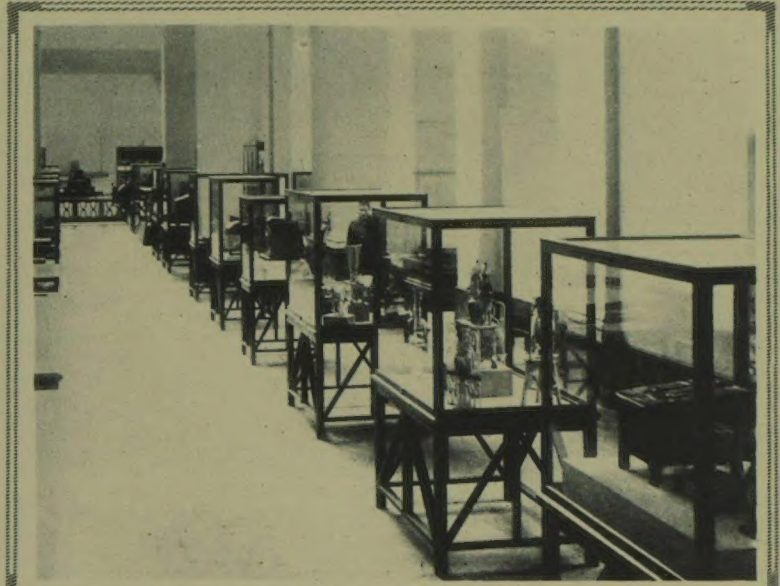
Unlike Colonel Lawrence, the late Edward Browne did not develop from scholar to man of action; save for that one year among the Persians, his life was uneventful. He settled down to a studious career at Cambridge, where he was (until his marriage) a Don of Pembroke, was mainly responsible for the institution of a School of Living Oriental Languages, and became "one of the foremost Orientalists of his day." His Persian reminiscences, besides a wealth of learned lore, contain rich entertainment in the way of anecdote, for the general reader. Here and there is a hint

TUTANKHAMEN RELICS AT CAIRO: AN ALL-ATTRACTING "MAGNET."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF THE SERVICE DES ANTIQUITÉS OF THE EGYPTIAN GOVERNMENT.



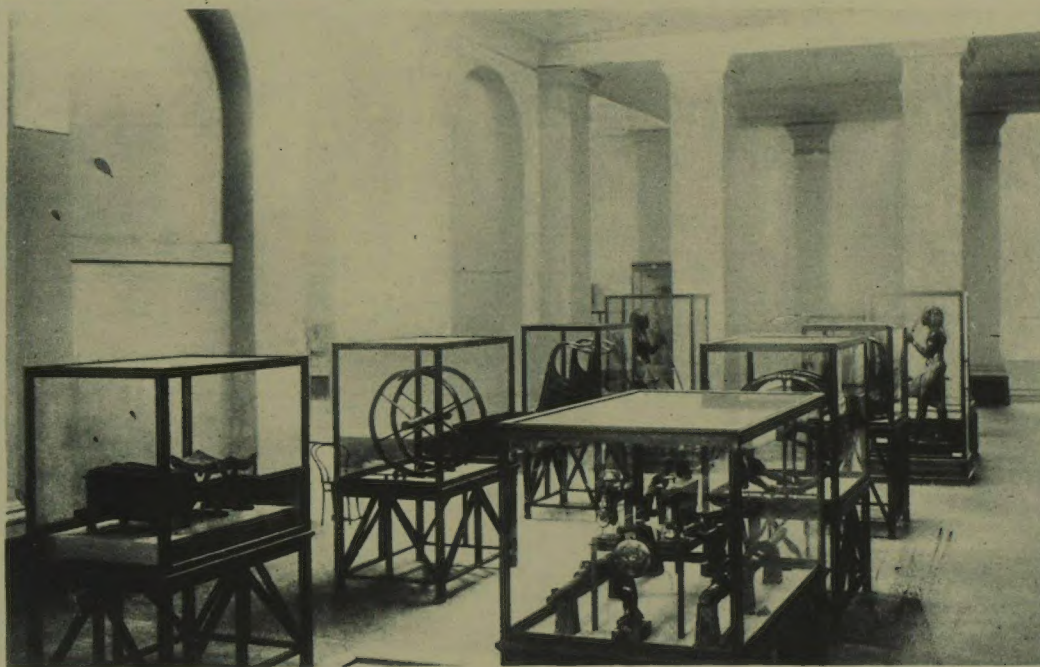
THE TUTANKHAMEN TREASURES IN THE CAIRO MUSEUM: THE WEST SIDE OF THE JEWEL ROOM, SHOWING (IN CENTRE) THE GOLD PORTRAIT-MASK, (AT THE FAR END) THE SECOND OF THE THREE NESTED COFFINS, AND OTHER CASES CONTAINING JEWELLERY.



THE CAIRO MUSEUM AS A TREASURE-HOUSE OF TUTANKHAMEN RELICS: A VIEW IN THE MAIN GALLERY DEVOTED TO THEM, SHOWING VARIOUS OBJECTS FROM THE TOMB, INCLUDING ALABASTER VASES AND FOOTSTOOLS.

THE Tomb of Tutankhamen, with its wonderful relics of ancient Egyptian art, of a period when it reached its zenith fourteen centuries before Christ, has often been described as a "magnet" that draws thousands of visitors to Egypt. From that point of view the Egyptian business community, especially in the sphere of hotel-keeping, catering, and transport, has good cause to be grateful to the discoverers of this great archaeological treasure. That the use of the word "magnet" is no exaggeration may be judged from the fact that, in three months alone—from January 1 to March 15 last year—

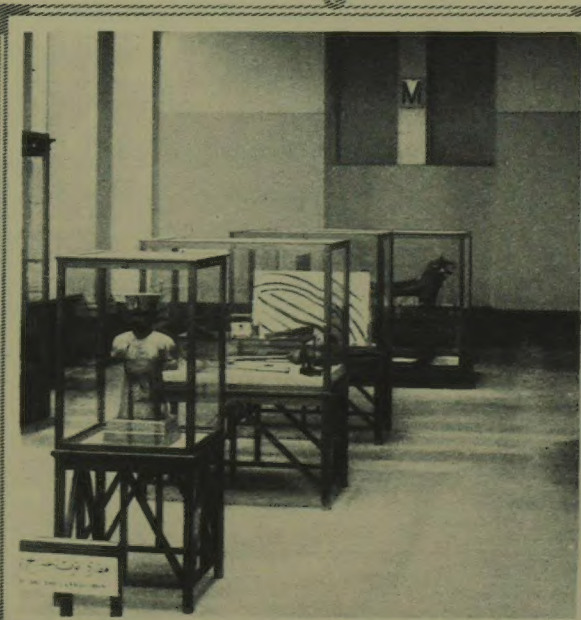
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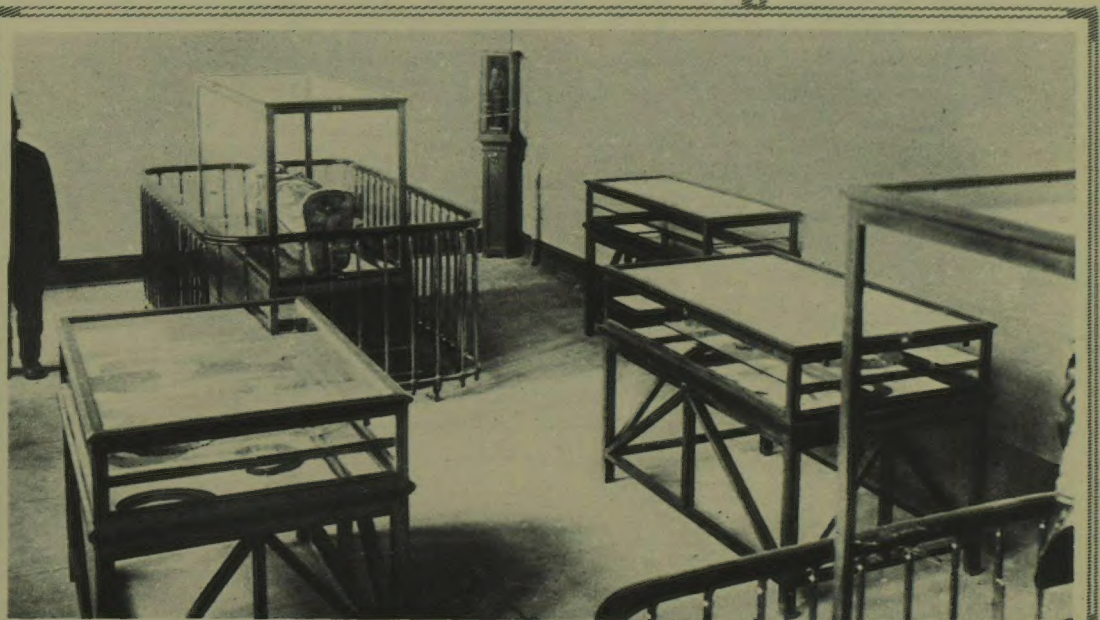
SHOWING PARTS OF TWO CHARIOTS AND THE PAIR OF GUARDIAN STATUES (IN BACKGROUND): THE NORTH END OF THE MAIN TUTANKHAMEN GALLERY IN THE CAIRO MUSEUM.

no fewer than twelve thousand people visited the Tomb in the Valley of Kings at Thebes. It is easy to imagine what effect this influx has had at Luxor, the centre for visiting the Tomb on the opposite bank of the Nile, as well as on the railway bookings from Cairo, and on boat transport up the river. Cairo itself, of course, has shared in the general prosperity due to the attraction of Tutankhamen's funeral treasures, for a large number of them have been transferred thither and (as shown in the illustrations on this page) have been suitably housed and placed on exhibition in the galleries of the Cairo Museum.

[Continued below.]



THE GALLERY OF THE ROYAL MUMMIES: OBJECTS FROM TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB, INCLUDING THE "MANNEQUIN" (FOREGROUND) AND A "LION" COUCH (FAR END).



CONTAINING TUTANKHAMEN'S GOLD COFFIN (AT THE FAR END) FOUND INSIDE THE SECOND COFFIN, AND JEWELLERY (IN THE FLAT CASES): THE EAST SIDE OF THE JEWEL ROOM IN THE TUTANKHAMEN GALLERIES OF THE CAIRO MUSEUM.

[Continued.]

In view of the fact that in our next issue (as announced on page 296) we shall publish a further set of remarkable colour reproductions of jewellery found in the Tomb of Tutankhamen, it is interesting to see, from the above photographs, how many of the treasures are already on exhibition in the Museum at Cairo. It is obvious from our illustrations that they are shown to the best advantage, with every care for their safety and preservation. So much is still to come, and the total quantity to be eventually exhibited is so great, that extended accommodation

may be necessary, and the authorities contemplate the erection of a special new wing for the purpose at the Cairo Museum. At present, however, this project has not been put in hand. One of the above photographs shows the gold coffin in which the mummy of the young King was found, nested within two outer coffins. The second, or middle one of the three, is seen in the top left-hand photograph. The mummy itself, re-wrapped, is to remain enclosed in the sarcophagus in his sepulchre in the Valley of Kings at Thebes.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

ABOUT "BROADWAY."—PROVINCIAL ACTIVITIES.

"BROADWAY" is drawing great crowds to the Adelphi Theatre: the transfer from the Strand has increased the number. It is now a curious observation to watch the concourse at the doors of the Tivoli and the Adelphi, and to bet which is "top-dog"—the film of "Ben-Hur" or the live picture of "Broadway." I have seen the latter play several times, just to test whether my first impressions were lasting, or caused by the overwhelming vigour of the play or by the close manner of the acting. And with every visit my admiration has increased—of the play as well as the players. America has sent us several such plays, some excellent in technique, some in realism with little romance; it has sent us Eugene O'Neill, who is shoulders above all his contemporary colleagues; but I have no hesitation in saying that "Broadway" runs O'Neill very close; that if it had borne his signature it would have been readily accepted as his. There is soul in this play, so vigorous in body, in structure, in vitality. It pulsates with life. It is a fragment of the seething cauldron of New York, reproduced minutely, verily; even the plot is more than plausible. There is nothing unreal in the murder of Scar Edwards and the dragging away of his dead body as if he were a drunken man in helplessness; nothing fantastic in the detective moving about coolly alone, constantly at revolvers' points, fraternising with the most dangerous characters in the gay spirit of *camaraderie*, yet weaving a network of evidence all the time. American detectives operate that way occasionally.

Again, the cabaret, half house of music, half *lupanar*; any way, a kind of emporium of pleasure, liberty, license, and "crookery": is it not the real article of the byways of Broadway? Have not the authors, with great boldness and greater skill, depicted the beehive-like atmosphere of the place—its inherent sordidness, its apparent veneer? Nothing is more telling than the constant interruption of the action by the cabaret—dressing, drilling, squabbling, fighting like tiger-cats, and then wafting through the landing to the stage as sweet as honey and in the winged innocence of little angels! This acting of the Cabaret Girls—as it were a *Leit-motif*—is one of the most original features of the play. It shows the sense of the theatre possessed by the authors. It is a strident note, and one that, less skilfully introduced, might entirely break the spell of the story. Yet here it adds to the tension; it conveys to us all the time that there are two currents in life—the upper and the lower. They both go their way unbeknown to each other; drama and comedy here run parallel in double harness—interlinked yet strangers. While the Cabaret Girls flounder and flit, there is sadness in two souls; there is a murder to be unravelled; there is a silent power at work to gather skeins and twine them round the neck of the culprit; there is conscience gnawing; there is love longing; there are hearts beating in unison, and one heart—that of the murdered man's girl—aching and dreaming of revenge; there is a whirl of passions swirling around—while the Cabaret Girls flounder and flit.

Perhaps my readers think that I exaggerate, but let them go and see for themselves. They will understand but part of the lingo—and most eloquent it is when one does grasp it—but that is of no importance; the action is so vivid, the people are so vivacious,

that you will have an experience rarely sensed in the theatre. As for the acting, it is the most complete "assembling" that a producer can attain (why is that master of arts not named in the programme?), and there are individual performances, not only by the principals, but in the minor parts, so typical and so finished that for once we have to admit our doubt whether English actors could maintain such a pitch of unremitting vitality.

We are yet far from the Continental system of subsidising local theatres from the ratepayers' con-

tributions from the spoon-feeding by touring companies emanating from London.

Birmingham and Liverpool long since have repertory of their own; Leeds boasts of two Art Theatres of its own; Oldham has latterly followed suit; and at Huddersfield, it should be chronicled with pride, Alfred Wareing, well known as a producer in London, has for years kept the repertory flag flying. No sooner does London proclaim the vogue of a new work than Alfred Wareing secures it for his theatre—and, after all, Huddersfield is but one of the smaller cities of the realm. And the good example is spreading, greatly to the benefit of the profession. The more theatres with their own companies in the provinces, the fewer "resting" actors in London. It is the salvation of an overstocked profession, growing also daily in numbers in no proportion to the demand.

Of course provincial work entails enormous labour on the part of the producer and the actors. Long runs are out of the question beyond Manchester and Liverpool, and then only in the case of musical comedies or great favourites such as the Terry-Neilsons, the Martin Harveys. To attract the playgoers there must be a weekly change of programme, and that means unceasing rehearsal, and, incidentally, a phenomenal memory on the part of every player. Miss Annie Saker, the well-known heroine of the Lyceum when it had become the home of melodrama, told me that last autumn she had a most successful season at Plymouth. It lasted sixteen weeks, and during that time sixteen plays, mainly old favourites, were given without a break. It is stupendous work.

Yet apparently the game is well worth the candle. It seems that provincial people take pride in having a theatre of their own, albeit in the beginning for a short season only. Touring companies are still welcome if they are first-rate, but the days of "anything is good enough" are over—as a good many managers know to their cost. Nor is a mere "star" surrounded by flagrant mediocrity—as I have often encountered "on the road"—a sufficient attraction. Through the char-a-banc, London has come nearer to the provinces in the last few years. On certain days there is a great influx into the Metropolis from towns a hundred and more miles away. These visitors are keen patrons of the theatres. The result is that they become more fastidious than in former days, when they were only too glad to have such performances at home as the drama's patrons (that is to say, the local managers) would give.

This change of view and appreciation is, of course, still in its infancy; it is to a certain extent boundaried by distance; but that it exists and spreads is undeniable, and the sooner the owners of theatres at a "bus ride" from the great city realise that an entirely new era is in sight, the more rapidly will the repertory system develop. The time will come when London will cease to be the universal provider of the provinces, when successes of local playwrights will

come to the Metropolis instead of *vice-versa* as formerly. Look at Birmingham and the activities of Sir Barry Jackson. Thence came "The Farmer's Wife" and "Yellow Sands"; anon the Court Theatre will reopen with "The Blue Comet," which shed its first light on Birmingham. Leeds and Sheffield, too, are nurturing their own school of playwrights. There is awakening in the provinces, and the future is full of happy omen.



OXFORD AS A HOME OF DRAMA: AN O.U.D.S. REHEARSAL OF "KING LEAR" IN THE UNIVERSITY FENCING SCHOOL, INCLUDING MR. J. B. FERNALD (THE FOOL—SECOND FROM LEFT), MR. H. GRISEWOOD (LEAR—IN OVERCOAT), MISS DOROTHY GREEN (GONERIL), THE HON. D. BUCKLEY (GLOUCESTER), AND MR. THEODORE KOMISARJEVSKY (PRODUCER—EXTREME RIGHT). The Oxford University Dramatic Society arranged to present "King Lear" at the New Theatre, Oxford, on February 15, and for the rest of the week. The cast included, besides those named above, Miss Elizabeth Greenhill as Cordelia, Miss Martita Hunt as Regan, Mr. L. A. Nye as Edgar, and Mr. G. Toyne as Edmund.

tributions—in fact, I believe we have only two cities in the kingdom where anything is done in the official way to further the dramatic movement. Somehow the theatre is not considered a national need and a



CAMBRIDGE AS A HOME OF DRAMA: "THE IMMORTAL HOUR," IN ITS ORIGINAL FORM AS A PLAY, AT THE FESTIVAL THEATRE—SCENE I, A FOREST GLADE AT MOONRISE, SHOWING DALUA IN CONVERSE WITH THE WOODLAND SPIRITS.

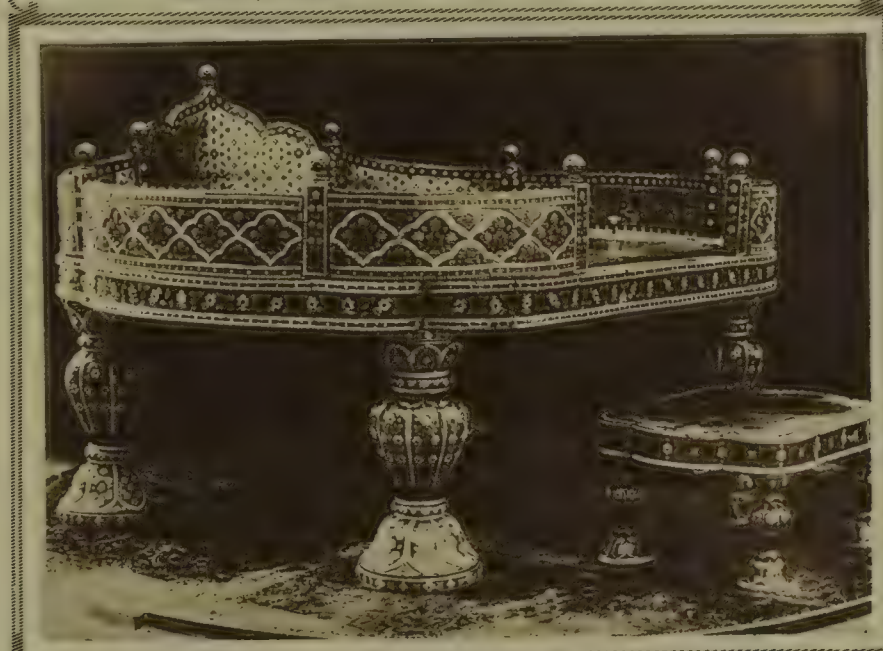
The Festival Theatre at Cambridge, directed by Mr. Terence Gray, recently arranged to give "The Immortal Hour," by Fiona Macleod (William Sharp) in its original form as a drama, preceded by Maeterlinck's "The Sightless." It was stated that "The Immortal Hour" would be followed by C. K. Munro's "The Rumour," and that the company would then go to the Oxford Playhouse for a week, while Mr. Fagan's company from Oxford would come to Cambridge and occupy the Festival Theatre. On their return, the Cambridge players will give Congreve's "Love for Love," "The Invisible Duke," by F. Sladen-Smith, and, "Sweeney Tod the Barber."

national institution. Hence there is no hope under the present Government for a State Theatre; no promise to help Stratford in the re-erection of Shakespeare's memorial shrine. The foundations of our theatre are commercial speculation, personal enterprise, and, here and there in side-ways, the fling of the enthusiast. Still, there is no gainsaying that provincial theatres are gradually emancipating

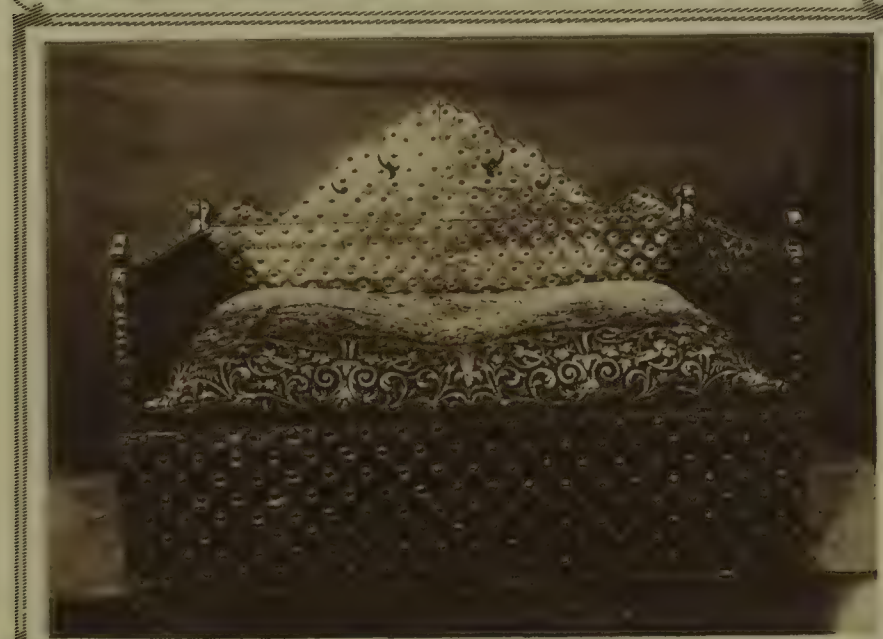
THE SULTAN'S JEWELLED THRONES NOW OPEN TO THE PUBLIC GAZE.



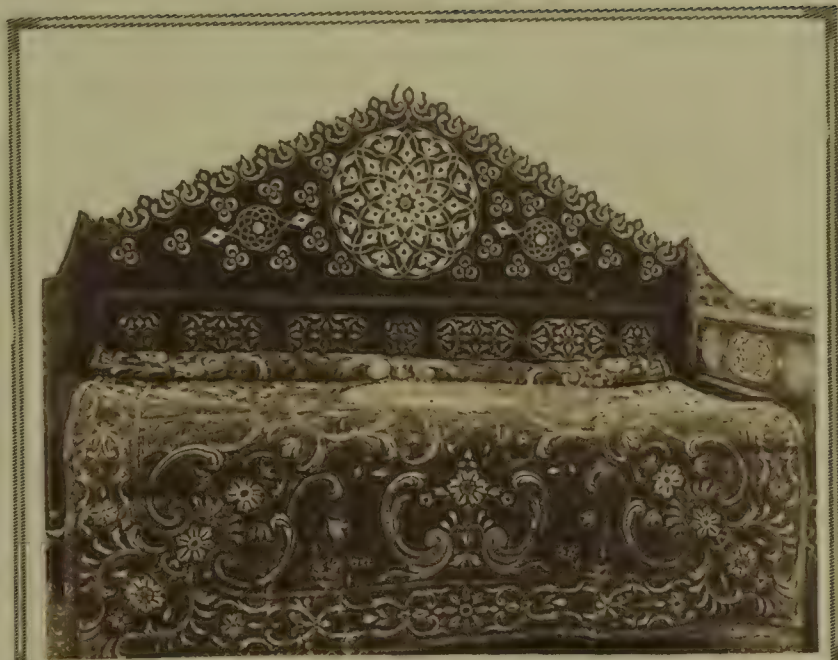
THE THRONE OF SHAH ISMAIL (BACK VIEW): ONE OF THE SPOILS OF SIXTEENTH-CENTURY PERSIA IN THE TREASURY OF THE TURKISH SULTANS AT STAMBOUL, RECENTLY OPENED AS A PUBLIC MUSEUM.



MADE WITH GOLD SHEETING AND ENCRUSTED WITH THOUSANDS OF PEARLS: THE THRONE OF THE PERSIAN SHAH ISMAIL, CAPTURED BY SULTAN SELIM OF TURKEY AT ISPAHAN—INDIAN WORK OF THE EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY.



THE THRONE OF BAYRAM IN THE OLD SERAGLIO TREASURY AT CONSTANTINOPLE: AN ENORMOUS DIVAN PLATED WITH GOLD AND STUDDED WITH PRECIOUS STONES—THE LAST THRONE USED FOR TURKISH IMPERIAL CEREMONIES.



THE THRONE OF SULTAN MURAT IV.: AN ELABORATE WORK IN EBONY INLAID WITH IVORY—ONE OF THE FOUR IMPERIAL THRONES PLACED ON EXHIBITION IN THE TREASURY PAVILION AT STAMBOUL.



THE THRONE OF SULTAN AHMED III., ENCRUSTED WITH PEARLS AND TURQUOISES: A RELIC OF FORMER IMPERIAL MAGNIFICENCE NOW AN EXHIBIT IN THE SERAGLIO TREASURY OPENED TO THE PUBLIC.

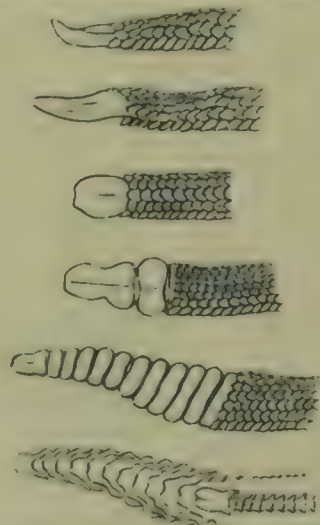
Nothing emphasises more strikingly the changed conditions in Turkey than the conversion of the Old Seraglio of the Sultans, at Stamboul, into a public exhibition of the imperial treasures. In the recently opened Treasury Pavilion two rooms have been arranged by the Director of Museums with priceless objects collected during over four centuries and including spoils from ancient Persia and the East. Among these are the four thrones here illustrated, one of them the enamelled and pearl-encrusted throne of the Persian Shah Ismail, which was taken by the Turks, with other booty, after the battle of Tchaldiran. Recalling a visit to the Turkish

Imperial Treasury in 1912, "when a Sultan still wore the sword of Osman," Mr. G. Ward Price says: "Precious stones lay piled in platefuls beyond counting. . . . I remember a low, broad-seated throne, set all over with pearls—not of good quality, admittedly, but so thickly studded that it looked as if ten minutes' work on it with a pocket-knife would yield a fortune. . . . The Court of the 'Grand Turk' was as splendid as any in Europe." Among the Byzantine relics is part of the skull said to be that of John the Baptist. In the summer the Imperial Harem will also be opened to the public.

REPTILE LIFE: SNAKE "RATTLES"; EGGS ON A TOAD'S BACK.

REPRODUCED FROM "REPTILES AND AMPHIBIANS." BY THOMAS BARBOUR. ILLUSTRATED IN PART BY GEORGE NELSON.
BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. GEORGE G. HARRAP AND CO. (SEE REVIEW ON ANOTHER PAGE.)

1. HOW RATTLESNAKES
"RATTLE": TIPS
OF SNAKES' TAILS—
(UPPER TWO) NON-
RATTLING VIPERS;
(LOWER FOUR) RATTLES
DURING GROWTH.



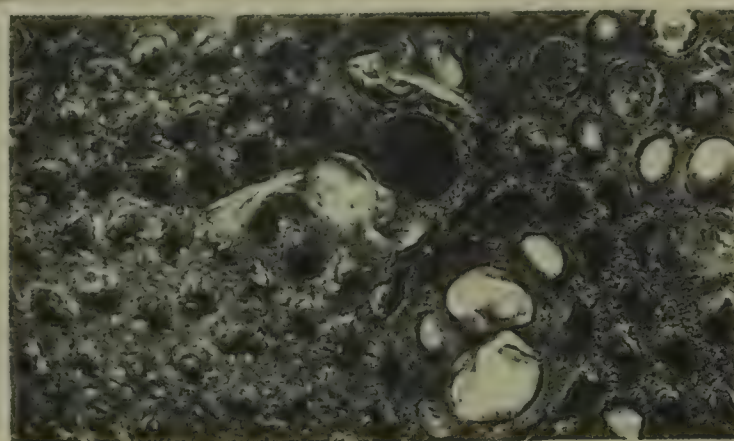
2. FROGS WITH A BONY
HEAD USED AS A PRO-
TECTIVE "FRONT DOOR":
(LEFT) BUFO EMPUSUS
OF CUBA, IN ITS BURROW;
(RIGHT), A TREE-FROG
BLOCKING THE ENTRANCE
TO ITS ABODE.



3. WITH HER EGGS HATCH-
ING OUT FROM CAVITIES ALL
OVER HER BACK: THE PIPA,
OR SURINAM TOAD, SHOW-
ING ADAPTATION FOR
AQUATIC LIFE.



4. "THE MOST FAMOUS OF
ALL BROODING DEVICES":
PART OF A FEMALE SURINAM
TOAD'S BACK (ENLARGED)
SHOWING CAVITIES VACATED
BY YOUNG, OTHERS WITH
YOUNG FROGS EMERGING.



5. AN IGUANA LIZARD OF SWAN ISLAND, OFF HONDURAS:
ONE OF THE LARGE GREEN IGUANAS COMMON IN CENTRAL
AMERICA AND "BROUGHT TO MARKET IN GREAT NUMBERS,"
THEIR MEAT BEING "WHITE AND DELICATE."



6. ONE OF THE LARGEST, IF NOT THE LARGEST, KIND OF SNAKE
IN THE WORLD: THE RETICULATED PYTHON OF MALAYA—A HALF-
GROWN SPECIMEN ABOUT 10 FT. LONG.

Discussing in his book (mentioned above) the rattle of the rattlesnake and its evolution, Mr. Thomas Barbour says: "A vast number of different species of snakes have (a habit) of vibrating the tip of the tail when excited. . . . Many species have a large horny spine at the end of the tail. . . . Since the outer covering of this terminal scale is shed . . . this construction allowed the shed layer to be left hanging as a dry shell upon the new layer which pushed it off. This is indicated on the diagram (Fig. 1 above). The result is a string of shed castings of the terminal spinal button, forming in the aggregate the rattle." Regarding Fig. 2, Mr. Barbour writes: "Frogs and toads sometimes make a curious use of . . . a hard bony head, and should the frog back into a burrow it has but to tip this head down to close the entrance

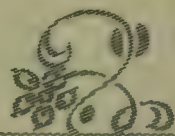
effectively. Tree-frogs of several genera modified in this way are to be found on the West Coast of Mexico, in Yucatan, and in Brazil." Of Figs. 3 and 4 we read: "The most famous of all brooding devices is that of the Surinam toad." The oviduct of the female is extended, and the eggs are forced out of it by the male and spread uniformly over her back. "These eggs are pressed into the skin and finally come to lie each in a deep cavity closed by a lid." As to which is the largest snake, there is some uncertainty. "The tales of Amazonian voyagers who say that they have seen snakes fifty or sixty feet long are hard to believe. . . . The author has seen a Malayan python 29 ft. long. There are at least two now in captivity in America which are over twenty-five feet."

REPTILE CURIOSITIES: "PLAYING 'POSSUM'"; GIANT AND PIGMY FROGS.

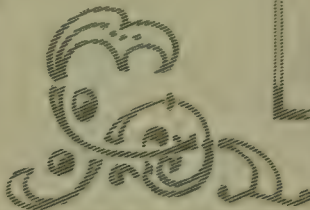
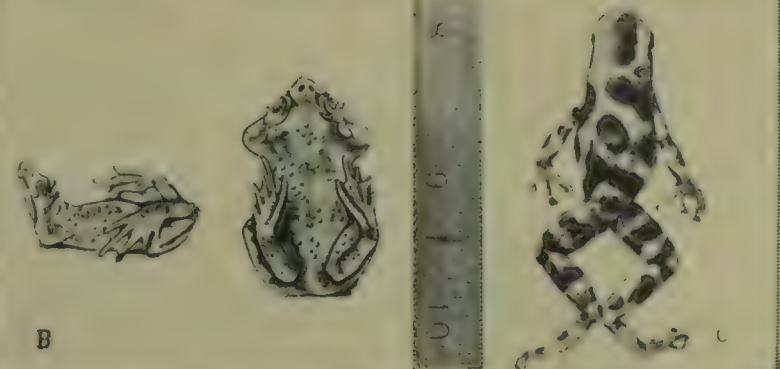
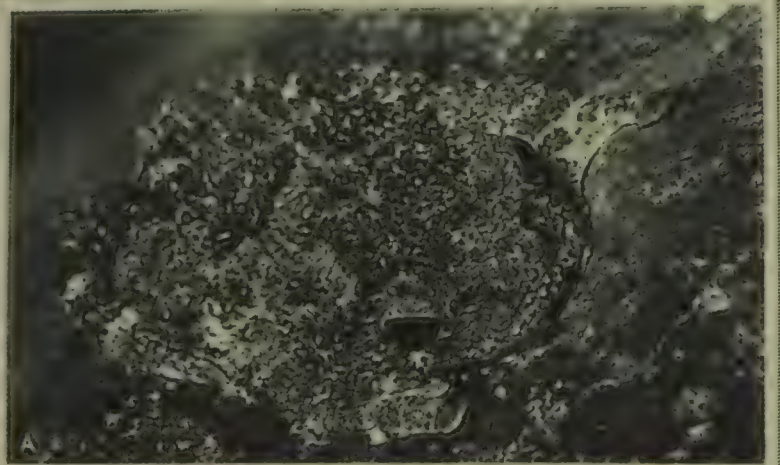
REPRODUCED FROM "REPTILES AND AMPHIBIANS." BY THOMAS BARBOUR. ILLUSTRATED IN PART BY GEORGE NELSON. BY COURTESY OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. GEORGE G. HARRAP AND CO. (SEE REVIEW ON ANOTHER PAGE.)



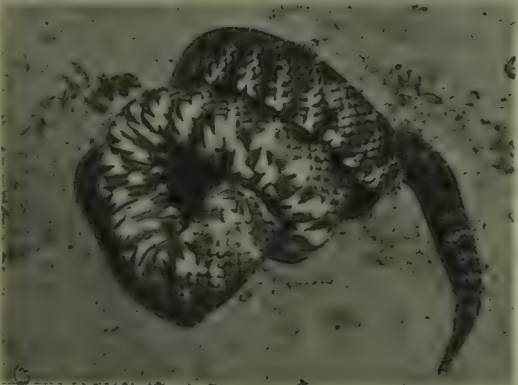
1. THE SMALLEST AND THE LARGEST KNOWN FROGS—A PIGMY AND A GIANT: (A) *PHYLLOBATES LIMBATUS* OF CUBA (LIFE-SIZE). (B) *RANA GOLIATH* OF WEST AFRICA, SHOWING ARROW WOUND IN THE HEAD—PLACED BESIDE A HAWK TO INDICATE RELATIVE SIZE.



2. POISONOUS FROGS:
(A) *HYLA VASTA* OF SAN DOMINGO, A GIANT TREE-TOAD WITH CAUSTIC SKIN (AN EXAMPLE OF PROTECTIVE COLORATION).
(B) *BOMBINA*, THE EUROPEAN FIRE-BELLIED TOAD, IN WARNING ATTITUDE.
(C) *DENDROBATES TINCTORIUS*, OF TROPICAL AMERICA, USED BY NATIVES FOR POISONING ARROWS.



3. REPTILES "PLAYING 'POSSUM'": (A) AN AFRICAN MONITOR LIZARD (*VARANUS EXANTHEMATICUS*) FEIGNING DEATH. (B) THE SPREADING ADDER (*HETERODON*), WITH PROTRUDING TONGUE, FEIGNING DEATH. (C) A FLORIDA KING SNAKE COILING FOR PROTECTION, WITH HEAD INSIDE.



4. A GIANT FOREST TOAD FROM THE CONGO THAT "PLAYS 'POSSUM'":
(A) *BUFO SUPERCILIARIS* IN ITS NORMAL ASPECT.
(B) THE SAME TOAD IN THE POSITION ASSUMED WHILE FEIGNING DEATH.



Describing the pigmy and the giant frogs shown in Fig. 1, Mr. Thomas Barbour says: "The smallest frog, *Phylllobates limbatus* (1 A) comes from Cuba and was one of the author's most exciting finds in 1910, for the only known specimens had been taken sixty years earlier. . . . It is a far cry from this tiny Antillean frog to the great *Rana goliath* discovered but a few years ago in the southern Cameroons and the Gaboon region of French West Africa. This giant (1 B), which is as heavy as a good-sized terrier, is the largest known frog. It lives in deep sluggish forest streams. The negroes eat them, and consider their thigh-bones priceless for purposes of divination." Regarding poisonous amphibians, the writer says: "One species, *Hyla vasta* (2 A) has a skin poison so strong that it burns one's hands painfully when the frog is handled." Among instances of warning colours and postures, "Bombina (2 B) turns up its bright-

coloured toes to give warning that it is a bitter mouthful, a warning, of course, that is really protective. One little frog, *Dendrobates tinctorius* (2 C), coal-black or rich maroon brown marked with metallic electric blue, is so poisonous that several tribes of tropical American Indians use it to poison their arrows. . . . Death-feigning is another curiously developed habit. 'Playing 'possum' occurs all through the animal series. *Varanus exanthematicus* (Fig. 3 A) a lizard from the Congo, turns on its back and, seizing one of its paws in its mouth, lies perfectly still. Another classical example is the hog-nosed snake (3 B), which turns over on its back, opens wide its mouth, hangs out its tongue, and looks as if it had just died in agony. . . . The giant (forest toad) from the Congo (Fig. 4 A and B) is a case in point. Some snakes coil into a ball (3 C) and remain quite motionless."

GEMS OF MODERN ETCHING, DRYPOINT, AND AQUATINT: THE PAINTER-ETCHERS AND ENGRAVERS' 45TH ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1, 2, AND 9 BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. COLNAGHI AND CO., BOND STREET;

NO. 6 BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. GREATorex AND CO., GRAFTON STREET.



1. "AVIGNON, FROM THE RHONE": A DRYPOINT BY STANLEY ANDERSON.



2. "AGLALA": AN ETCHING BY G. L. BROCKHURST.



3. "THE DOME OF ST. PAUL'S": AN ETCHING BY IAN STRANG.



4. "THE CHURCH OF ST. FRANCIS, ASSISI": AN AQUATINT BY W. WESTLEY MANNING.



5. "SAN GIMIGNANO": A DRYPOINT BY JOHN C. MOODY.



6. "A SHELDUCK FAMILY": A DRYPOINT BY WINIFRED AUSTEN.

The annual Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers and Engravers is always an event of great interest to art-lovers. The present Exhibition, which was opened a few days ago and will continue until March 10, is the forty-fifth, held by the Society, which was founded in 1880, and gave its first show in the following year. This year's Exhibition is being held in the galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, at 5a, Pall Mall East. The quality of the work exhibited maintains a very high level, and there are many charming examples of modern art in etching, drypoints, and aquatints, of which



7. "ANGERS": A DRYPOINT BY D. I. SMART.



8. "QU'EST-CE QUE C'EST?": AN ETCHING BY GEORGE MARPLES.



9. "LA TRESSE": AN ETCHING BY G. L. BROCKHURST.

we reproduce here some of the most attractive and outstanding. One of the main tendencies indicated in the Exhibition is a leaning towards architectural subjects in drypoint, a method that lends a peculiar richness of effect. Another tendency is towards a close style in etching, with an avoidance of the mechanical treatment of line. Some remarkable instances in portraiture are to be found in the work of Mr. G. L. Brockhurst. An interesting "problem" picture in etching is that entitled "Qu'est-ce que c'est?" by Mr. George Marples, which suggests the descent of some prehistoric monster upon astonished mountain goats.

NATIONALITY AND CIVILISATION.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

the distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our monthly series of articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

"**M**USSULMANS against Christians, Orientals against Anglo-Saxons, Democracy against Dictatorship, Free Thought against Dogma, Socialism and Communism against Capitalism—these are the conflicts which surpass and aggravate the rivalries of nations and empires. Aristocrats and bourgeois, within each State, are united for the defence of their rights, but divided on the choice of a civilisation. Inversely, men of the same religion, or cherishing the same ideals, kill one another in the name of their nationality. Herein lies the tragedy of our century, and the immense risk for the future. The two ideas of civilisation and nationality are disunited. It is for the young Europeans to work at their reunification."

All attentive readers have been or will be struck by the terse conciseness of this passage in the book, "Nationality and Civilisation,"* written by one of the best-known historians and journalists of France, M. Lucien Romier, Editor of the *Figaro*. It sums up in a few lines that profound and luminous little book, and calls for a short commentary. In proportion as the danger of which it speaks is real, this passage raises a question which constitutes, for our epoch, a real question of life or death. If civilisation may be said to be a more or less balanced and harmonious synthesis of moral principles, scientific knowledge, social institutions, practical activities and æsthetic creations, there was never a time when what M. Romier calls the idea of civilisation was richer or more brilliant than it has been in Europe for a century past. During that century, scientific knowledge has been increased in a way calculated to turn men's brains, and the same may be said of all forms of practical activity, industry, commerce, agriculture, sport, and inventions. In no previous century was so much painted, sculpted, built, composed, written, as during that indefatigable and versatile period. If the quality of the works produced has sometimes suffered owing to their abundance, the nineteenth century can still boast that it brought forth masterpieces in all branches of art of an originality and audaciousness unknown in previous epochs. More marvellous still, the nineteenth century was the great humanitarian century (that is to say, the most Christian of all centuries), despite the progress of incredulity! In no previous century was so much done to soften and improve political institutions, laws, the family, education, the relations between classes and individuals, justice and charity. No other century succeeded in assuring to a part of humanity greater liberty or more just and stable order.

"The idealism of Christianity, armed by the Greek spirit and supported by Roman order, made the glory of Europe," writes M. Romier in a powerful *résumé*.

It is this cultivated civilisation, so human and so active, which is in danger of engaging in a mortal combat with the national idea; that is to say, with its own political organisation, of which the national idea forms everywhere the base. It is obvious that, when M. Romier warns us of that danger, he is thinking of the surprises of the World War. Up till 1914 no one had ever feared that a National State could set at nought the most precious gifts of our civilisation. Suddenly we saw that the spirit of Christianity of the most humane epoch was powerless to prevent the atrocities of the most murderous war in history; that the wisdom of the period which had given the first places in the rank of civic virtues to work and thrift was powerless to prevent the most gigantic waste of capital that was ever known; that the juridical sense of the epoch that had lived under the double banner of order and liberty was yet powerless to impose respect for the most elementary rules of warfare; its love of art powerless to prevent a disastrous destruction of *chefs-d'œuvre*,

its science incapable of freeing itself from the hatred of the frontiers.

In fact, from one day to another, we had to realise that, despite our culture, our humanity, our liberal institutions and the perfection of our laws, the State could, in certain circumstances, set itself above everything: morals, science, law, wisdom and good sense. From that point of view our civilisation was suddenly revealed to be much more precarious than that of civilisations which

were much poorer, coarser, and more ignorant. Before the French Revolution, the State could not commit such excesses, because its action was always limited to a certain extent by other Powers. One of these, in Catholic countries, was the Church, the guardian of moral laws, which the public conscience considered superior to the State.

In 1918, during the war, I had occasion to come in contact in Rome with certain directing centres of the Vatican. Nowhere else did I find so lively a consciousness of the terrible consequences, material and moral, which a war unlimited in space, time, or means, such as that which was then drenching Europe and Asia in blood, would entail. But this consciousness was paralysed by a not less lively sense of the impossibility of doing anything at all to prevent it. If even the Church felt powerless, what other institution or social group could have acted? All the active forces of European civilisation, the Press, public opinion, banks, industry, science, the Universities and religion, were the obedient slaves of the State during those terrible years. And as the most important of the belligerent States wished to make an "absolute" war, without laws or limitations, the others were forced to imitate it with greater or less energy.

This total seizure by the State of the most precious possessions of a world-old civilisation alarmed all men of enlightened minds. One would like to be sure that it was an exception and a parenthesis, and that it will never happen again. But how are we to guard against the return of the danger? This is the most important question with which Europe finds itself confronted to-day. In one shape or another it is the question which reappears in all the difficulties with which the peoples are struggling.

M. Romier is right in saying that it would be absurd to entrust the solution of this question to the State. The State, in so far as concerns the relations of one people with another, is the quintessence of national egoism; and statesmen could not liberate themselves from that egoism without betraying their mandate. "The spokesmen of the State will defend," he writes, "in the international conferences, tendencies and interests born and registered beforehand under the sign of national particularism. That sign cannot be effaced by statesmen. . . . The States will doubtless be able to register the progress of European solidarity; they cannot promote it."

It is necessary, therefore, in order to prevent modern States from squandering in increasingly implacable struggles the treasures of our civilisation, that a powerful combination of independent moral forces should be formed. Where shall we find such a combination? M. Romier has in his mind a spiritual power, to a certain extent analogous to that of the Church in the Middle Ages, but of a different kind: "an aristocracy of faith and ideals; an aristocracy of the arts and sciences," which would hold in view constantly that which is essential in European civilisation; that which is vital and superior to national selfishness and necessities, that which always must be saved at all costs.

"It is the *élites* that uphold the prestige of the spirit. It is from their collaboration through the Universities and Academies, by the interpenetration of the schools and by their influence, as also by the correction of taste in the aristocracy and the bourgeoisie, that a great European century will be born!" . . . What must we think of this beautiful project? Are the hopes which it raises in us real? Are there not other hopes, more modest but less distant, more within our grasp?

A European *élite* as M. Romier conceives it would be a historical marvel. I think Renan had thought of it, as a splendid dream, in old days. If the World War has changed that dream into a reality, if it confides the moral unity of the world to that super-aristocracy of intelligence, so that it may defend the world against the egotism of States, the sacrifices which have been imposed upon the world will not have been too great. Let us work, then, for the creation of that *élite* . . . but without hiding from ourselves that the difficulties are numerous.

The principal difficulty consists in what we might call the "bureaucratisation of culture." In France the

(Continued on page 326.)



CANTONESE TROOPS IN HANKOW: A COLUMN MARCHING ALONG THE BUND WITHOUT SALUTING THE CENOTAPH (ON RIGHT), OPPOSITE WHICH ARE THE SITES OF BRITISH SANDBAG DEFENCES (REMOVED BY THE CHINESE).

The two seeming holes in the road opposite the Cenotaph mark the spot where the sandbag defences stood. The photographer's note says: "To impress the British Legation folks from Peking, the wily Southerners cleaned up all signs of the destruction of the sandbags. The photograph was taken from the roof of the Asiatic Petroleum Company's building. The lawn of the British Consulate garden is shown behind the hedge on the left."



A CHINESE AT THE TOP OF THE 100-FT. BRITISH CONSULATE FLAGSTAFF AT HANKOW: REFITTING BROKEN ROPES FOR THE FLAG.

A note supplied with this photograph says: "The halyards of the British Consulate flag were destroyed, and the flag was unflown for two or three days, until this Chinese climbed the 100-ft. pole, at a cost of about 20 dollars, to refit ropes."

Photographs by Sport and General.

* "Les Documentaires." (Simon Kra; Paris, 1927.)

FROM THE WORLD OF ART: EXHIBITS AND ROYAL GIFTS.

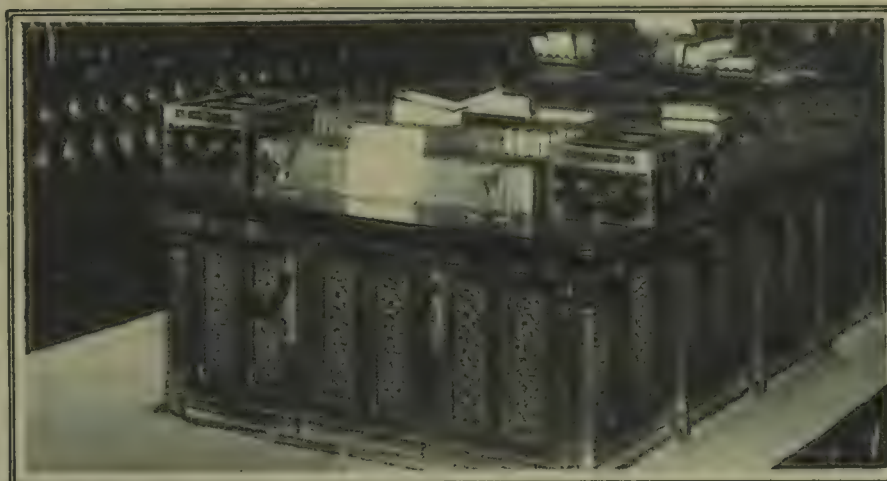
PHOTOGRAPHS BY I.P.B., C.P., PHOTOPRESS, AND BY COURTESY OF MR. OMAR RAMSDEN.



BOUGHT FOR THE FRENCH NATION AND TO BE PLACED IN THE BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE, PARIS: ETCHED STUDIES OF VOLTAIRE BY HUBERT.



PAINTED BY MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN, A.R.A., WHEN HE WAS A STUDENT AT THE SLADE SCHOOL: "THE BRAZEN SERPENT"; NOW ON EXHIBITION AT WHITECHAPEL.



DUPLICATED FOR CANBERRA, EVEN TO THE "THUMP"-MARKS: THE FAMOUS DESPATCH-BOXES ON THE TABLE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.



BY THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER: "VENICE"—A PAINTING BY THE VERY REVEREND WILLIAM FOXLEY NORRIS, WHICH IS TO BE EXHIBITED AT THE ABBEY GALLERY

The Dean of Westminster's chief recreation is painting, and he is said to have once declared: "By nature, I am an artist; by accident, a Dean." He is exhibiting holiday sketches at the Abbey Gallery, Victoria Street, from March 2 to 26.—The Whitechapel Art Gallery is holding an Exhibition of sixteenth-century Flemish Art, modern Belgian bronzes, and students' work from London art schools. Mr. Augustus John's early work, "The Brazen Serpent," painted when he was at the Slade School, is on show there.—Duplicates of the two famous despatch-



THE KING'S GIFT TO THE NEW CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE, NEW YORK: A SILVER ALMS DISH PRESENTED BY HIS MAJESTY.

boxes which stand on the table in front of the Speaker in the House of Commons are being sent to Australia as a present from the King to the Commonwealth, and will be placed on the table of the new Parliament House at Canberra by the Duke of York. They even reproduce the marks made on the originals by long use and a good deal of "thumping."—The Alms Dish given by the King to the new Cathedral in New York was presented by the British Ambassador on February 13. The dish is of silver gilt, and was designed and executed by Mr. Omar Ramsden.

THE FIRST PHASE OF THE PORTUGUESE REBELLION: SCENES IN OPORTO.

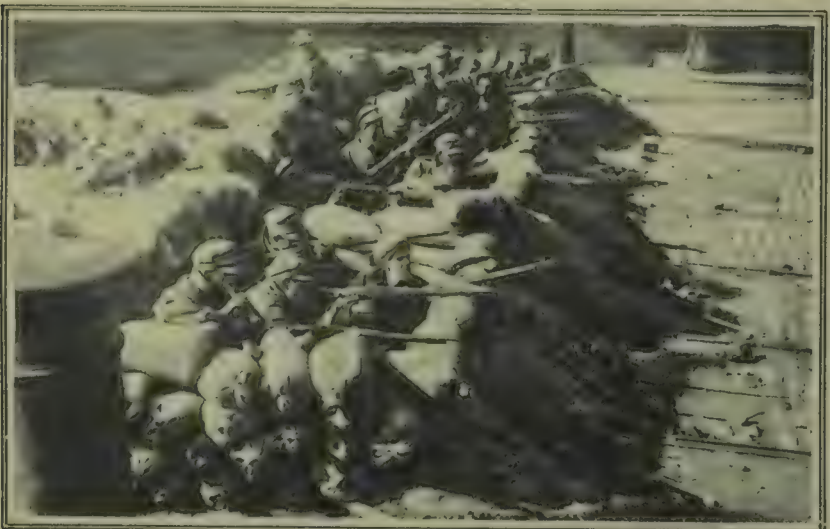
PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. AND A. AND C.N.



TRENCH WARFARE IN THE STREETS OF OPORTO: ONE OF THE TRENCHES CLOSE TO BATALHA SQUARE, THE STRONGHOLD OF THE REBELS.



ARTILLERY OPERATIONS DURING THE FIGHTING AT OPORTO: A BATTERY OF FIELD-GUNS IN ACTION ON THE MONTE DE VIRGEM.



WITH TWO CIVILIANS AMONG THE UNIFORMED MEN: A SAND-BAGGED TRENCH, WITH MACHINE-GUNS, AT THE JUNCTION OF SANTA CATERINA AND BATALHA STREETS.



A LORRY LOAD OF REBEL TROOPS, WITH ONE CIVILIAN, IN A STREET OF THE CITY: AN INCIDENT OF THE OPORTO RISING.

The recent rebellion in Portugal began with a rising in Oporto early on February 3, and for five days the city was continually under fire. During the fighting the population suffered the terrors of a siege, and it was afterwards stated that 70 civilians had been killed and 355 wounded. On the first day of the outbreak the rebels occupied the principal buildings, including the Governor's residence, the railway terminus, and the Central Post Office. Two regiments of the garrison and an artillery unit on the heights across the Douro remained loyal to the Government, and tried to drive the rebels from their positions. Street fighting



IN THE S. JOAO THEATRE, WHICH WAS THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE REBEL LEADER, GENERAL SOUZA DIAZ: TROOPS WITH A COLLECTION OF MACHINE-GUNS AND AMMUNITION.



ENTRENCHED ACROSS THE TRAM LINES IN ONE OF THE MAIN STREETS OF OPORTO: A BODY OF REBELS WITH A MACHINE-GUN



AFTER THE SURRENDER OF THE REBELS AT OPORTO: THE PORTUGUESE MINISTER OF WAR, LIEUT.-COL. PASSOS SOUSA (CENTRE), WITH THE CIVIL GOVERNOR (ON RIGHT).

began, and the streets were swept by machine-gun fire and shrapnel. Some of the Government troops surrendered, but on the 5th reinforcements arrived for both sides, including guns for the rebels, and an intense artillery duel ensued. The Batalha Square, the stronghold of the rebels, was constantly under shell fire. The rebel leader, General Souza Diaz, made his headquarters at the S. Joao Theatre. On Sunday, February 6, shell fire ceased temporarily during negotiations, but soon broke out again. The next day the rebels were surrounded, and on the 8th General Diaz and his followers surrendered unconditionally.

THE PORTUGUESE REVOLT: STREET FIGHTING AND SHELLS IN LISBON.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N.



EVIDENCE OF SEVERE SHELLING DURING THE THREE DAYS' BATTLE IN LISBON: TYPICAL EFFECTS OF ARTILLERY FIRE ON A PRIVATE HOUSE—SHOWING A SHELL-HOLE ABOVE A WINDOW.



ONE OF THE STREET POSITIONS THAT WERE OCCUPIED BY THE REBELS IN LISBON: A TRENCH OF SOLID CONSTRUCTION INDICATING ELABORATE PREPARATIONS FOR THE RISING.



THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE REBELS AS IT APPEARED AFTER THEY HAD BEEN SHELLED OUT: THE HOTEL BRISTOL, IN LISBON, SHOWING DAMAGE BY GUN-FIRE.

After a three-days' battle, which ended in victory for the Government of General Carmona (President of Portugal), Lisbon presented an appearance reminiscent of the Great War. There was evidence of severe shelling and street fighting—sand-bagged barricades, roads torn up, trees shattered, and countless shrapnel and machine-gun bullet marks. The casualties were very heavy. The revolt began on Monday, February 7, and the rebels occupied two carefully chosen positions. One was on a hill near the centre of the city, where their commander-in-chief, Colonel Mendes Reis, established his headquarters in the Hotel Bristol, with



SHOWING A HOLE HIGH UP IN THE WALL AND A SHATTERED TREE: THE DUKE OF PALMELHA'S PALACE, WHERE A REBEL MACHINE-GUN POST IN THE GARDEN WAS SHELLED OUT.



TWO REBEL LEADERS, BLINDFOLDED, BEING CONDUCTED TO THE GOVERNMENT HEADQUARTERS TO ARRANGE TERMS OF SURRENDER.

machine-gun posts close by in the Duke of Palmelha's garden. The other rebel position was the Arsenal, near Black Horse Square. The rebel troops were supported by some six thousand armed civilians, who used hand-grenades, and fired from houses. After they had been shelled out of the Hotel Bristol, the rebels then retreated to the Arsenal, round which there was desperate fighting. The Arsenal was not captured, but eventually Colonel Reis was compelled to surrender owing to the fact that all his ammunition had been expended. On February 11 it was reported that Lisbon was gradually resuming its normal aspect.

THE O.U.D.S. IN "KING LEAR": SCENES CHANGED BY LIGHTING.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HILLS AND SAUNDERS, OXFORD.



MISS MARTITA HUNT AS REGAN.



MISS ELIZABETH GREENHILL AS CORDELIA.



MISS DOROTHY GREEN AS GONERIL.



"HOW, HOW, CORDELIA? MEND YOUR SPEECH A LITTLE, LEST YOU MAY MAR YOUR FORTUNES": KING LEAR REBUKES CORDELIA (SEATED BEFORE HIM) AFTER HAVING DOWERED HIS ELDER DAUGHTERS, REGAN (LEFT) AND GONERIL (STANDING TOGETHER NEAR CENTRE) WITH TERRITORY ACCORDING TO THE MAP (ACT. 1, SCENE 1.)



MR. H. J. GRISEWOOD (OF WORCESTER COLLEGE, OXFORD) AS KING LEAR.

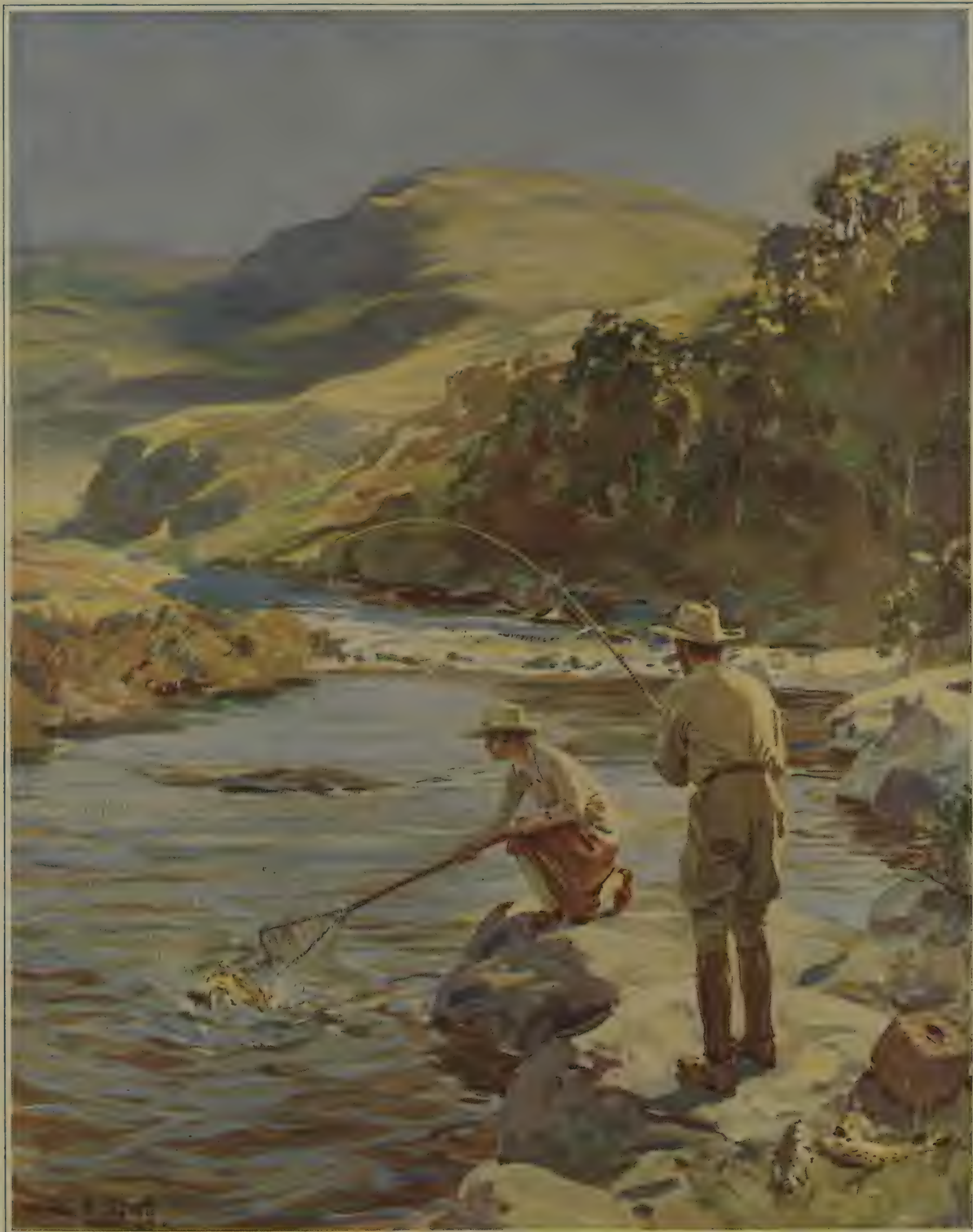
The Oxford University Dramatic Society arranged to produce "King Lear" at the New Theatre, Oxford, on Tuesday, February 15. In addition to the characters illustrated above, the part of Edgar, son of the Earl of Gloucester, was undertaken by Mr. L. A. Nye, of Pembroke; that of Edmund, Gloucester's bastard son, by Mr. G. Toyne, of Corpus; and that of the Fool by Mr. J. B. Fernald, of Trinity. Miss Elizabeth Greenhill, the Cordelia, is a newcomer to the company. The producer was Mr. Theodore Komisarjevsky, who was said to have made extensive cuts in the text of the play. It was reported before the production that the scenery was severely geometrical and consisted of a single set, while an elaborate system of lighting, with the aid of a gold panorama cloth, made it possible to transform the interior of the palace into the blasted heath. There were great expectations in Oxford that the revival would be a big success. On our "World of the Theatre" page in this number we illustrate a rehearsal in the University Fencing School.



THE HON. D. B. BUCKLEY (TRINITY; PRESIDENT OF THE O.U.D.S.) AS THE EARL OF GLOUCESTER.

ON THE BUNGALOW WATERS: TROUT-FISHING IN SOUTH AFRICA.

FROM THE PICTURE BY W. R. S. STOTT. (COPYRIGHTED.)



AFTER A GAME FIGHT: LANDING A GOOD TROUT ON THE MOOI RIVER.

Rainbow and brown trout have been established in South Africa for over thirty years, and the fishing is closely regulated by keen bodies of sportsmen. Some of the rivers in the Cape Province, Natal, and the Transvaal are very heavily stocked with fish, and invariably afford excellent yields. The scene depicted on this page is a section of the Bungalow Waters, on the Mooi River, in Natal, near Nottingham

Road, where the well-known headquarters of the South African Fly Fishers' Club is located. This is a favourite rendezvous for trout-fishing in South Africa; but equally good sport, it may be remarked, is obtainable in other portions of Natal, as well as in the picturesque streams of the Cape Western and Eastern Provinces and the Northern Transvaal.

AMONG THE BIG GAME FISH: SPORT IN SOUTH AFRICAN WATERS.



A CLOSE RELATIVE OF THE WHITE SEA BASS OF AMERICAN WATERS:
A 111-LB KABELJAAUW CAUGHT ON THE CAPE COAST.



A SPORTING FISH PECULIAR TO SOUTH AFRICAN WATERS:
A 90-LB. RED STEENBRAS, A VARIETY OF GIANT BREAM.



LANDED WITH SIX-CORD LINE: A 106-LB. SPECIMEN
OF THE SPORTING STEENBRAS.



A TREMENDOUS RUNNER THAT COMBINES GREAT SPEED
AND STRENGTH: A 34½-LB. ALBACORE.

Some of the finest sporting fish of the seas are found in South African waters, and angling on the Cape and Natal coasts is in many respects as thrilling as it is in the famous angling grounds of the Persian Gulf, Avalon, and Santa Catalina. Rock and surf fishing with rod and line are widely practised on the coast, but good boat fishing in sheltered bays and lagoons is equally popular. In the first photograph is seen the late Right Hon. W. P. Schreiner, K.C., formerly High

Commissioner in London for the Union of South Africa. The Kabeljaauw is also known as the Salmon Bass. The record specimen landed by rod and line weighed 138 lbs. The Steenbras is a stubborn fighter with more power than speed, and requires strong handling. In the third photograph is Mr. W. Selkirk, of Hermanus; and in the fourth is Mr. J. S. Dunn, C.B.E., of Cape Town. The Albacore is also known as the Yellow Tail.

South Africa, Land of Wonders: MIGHTY RANGES AND MAJESTIC CATARACTS.

FROM THE WATER-COLOURS BY THE REV. J. W. R. BROCKLEBANK, SHOWN IN HIS RECENT EXHIBITION,
"A SUMMER'S WORK IN SOUTH AFRICA," AT THE ARLINGTON GALLERY. (COPYRIGHTED.)



"IN THE HEART OF THE DRAKENSBURG."



"THE TOP OF THE DRAKENSBURG."



"HOWICK FALLS, NATAL PROVINCE."



"MAQUA FALLS, PONDOLAND."

Mountains and waterfalls are a prominent feature of the more rugged types of South African scenery. The Maqua Fall in Pondoland is typical of the lesser waterfalls of the country. In the Drakensberg mountains three large rivers have their sources—the Tugela, the Orange, and the Elands River. The source of the Tugela is spectacular indeed. It descends over a gorge 2050 feet high, providing

a sublime spectacle in contrast with the vivid colourings and tremendous heights of the surrounding pinnacles. The Drakensberg mountains are snow-clad in winter and provide climbs as thrilling and hazardous as the Alps. The grandeur of this great South African range, and its accessibility to tourists, are illustrated in a double-page colour picture in this number.

The "Roof" of South Africa: "Giant Castles" of the Drakensberg—a Paradise for Climber and Tourist.

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



THE CROWNING POINT OF GRANDEUR IN SOUTH AFRICAN SCENERY: THE MIGHTY DRAKENSBURG RANGE—A PARTY OF TOURISTS, WITH MOUNTAIN PONIES, REACH A POINT AFFORDING A MAGNIFICENT VIEW OF THE HIGHER PEAKS.

The Drakensberg mountains mark the crowning point of grandeur in South African scenery. This great range is literally "The Roof of South Africa." Cathkin Peak is roughly the centre. It is flanked by Giant's Castle on the south and the Mont-Aux-Sources to the north, and the intervening area, about fifty miles across, is a vast panorama of towering peaks and buttresses varying in altitude up to 11,250 feet. The Drakensberg range at this point demarcates the boundaries of Natal, the Orange Free State, and Basutoland. Superb vistas of these territories are to be gained from the highest points of the Berg. On the Natal side a large area has been set aside as a National Park, where the fauna and flora are rigidly protected. For some years past the Natal Provincial authorities have

been very active in developing the approaches from that side. In recent months a special committee has investigated the whole Drakensberg area for the purpose of opening it up more fully, and providing additional hotel accommodation and transport facilities for the convenience of Overseas visitors. The Drakensberg is not merely a climbers' paradise, providing, literally, hundreds of hazards for conquest, but it is also a Mecca for the non-climber. Certain of the mountain summits or plateaux are comfortably attained on the backs of mountain ponies, a sturdy breed of animal which makes light of the mountain paths. Readers interested in this great South African resort can obtain full particulars from the Publicity Agent, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

ROVER CARS



ROVER
*means motoring
enjoyment*

PROVIDING HIGHLY SPECIALISED SPORT: A WARRIOR OF THE SEAS.



CAUGHT WITH ROD, LINE, AND FLOAT: A SOUTH AFRICAN SHARK WEIGHING 800 LBS.

Catching sharks with rod and line is a highly specialised sport, and those practising it have little need to quote, "Lord grant that I may catch a fish So large that Even I When speaking of it afterwards May have no cause to lie!" There are keen schools of shark anglers on both the Cape and Natal coasts, and battles with the ocean monsters often last for two or three hours. Indeed, the numerous species of shark found in South African

waters make formidable quarries, and the art of playing them to exhaustion with rod and line is as exciting as it is skilled and strenuous. The specimen shown was caught by Mr. W. Selkirk, of Hermanus. Anglers, by the way, may like to know that information concerning sea angling—as well as trout angling—in South Africa can be obtained from the Publicity Agent South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C.2.

TERPSICHOREAN SYMBOLISM IN AFRICA: AS A RUSSIAN ARTIST SAW IT.

AFTER THE PICTURE BY ALEXANDER JACOVLEFF, ARTIST OF THE CITROEN TRANS-AMERICAN MOTOR-CAR EXPEDITION; SINCE SHOWN AT HIS EXHIBITION IN PARIS.



A RITUAL DANCE OF THE BANDA: THE GAN'SA.

The Banda of French Equatorial Africa are of a low negro type and live in most elementary fashion, although, as is the case with all primitive Africans, their seemingly simple "civilisation" has many complexities. As a general rule, the men are more ornamented than the women, and this is especially noticeable on feast days and other ceremonial occasions. The bow-and-arrow and a throwing-knife are the hunting weapons, and in this connection it must be noted that the people are dependent upon game for their meat-supplies, as cattle cannot live in their country—and, incidentally, dog is reckoned as game, and much enjoyed! The French are introducing the Banda to sanitation and other health-measures as Europe knows them, and they have proved willing to adopt the new ideas.

AIR ROUTE WEATHER AT A GLANCE: NEW CHART SYMBOLS FOR PILOTS.

EXPLANATION OF SYMBOLS.

THE NAME OF EACH STATION IS SHOWN AGAINST THE CORRESPONDING WEATHER SYMBOL.
THE WEATHER IS SHOWN BY THE PANEL ON THE PLATE.
THE VISIBILITY IS SHOWN BY THE SLIDE ACROSS THE BOTTOM OF THE PLATE.
THE VISIBILITY TOWARDS THE SEA AT COAST STATIONS IS SHOWN BY THE SLIDE OVER THE SEA NEAR THE STATION.
THE AMOUNT OF LOW CLOUD IS SHOWN BY THE SLIDE ACROSS THE PANEL.
THE HEIGHT OF THE BASE OF THE LOWEST CLOUD IS SHOWN BY THE POSITION OF THE UPPER SLIDE RELATIVE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE PANEL.

EXAMPLE.

CROYDON AT CROYDON, AT THE TIME OF OBSERVATION
IT WAS RAINING
THE SKY WAS COMPLETELY OVERCAST WITH LOW CLOUD: THE HEIGHT OF THE BASE OF THE CLOUD WAS BETWEEN 300 AND 600 METRES ABOVE THE GROUND.
THE VISIBILITY WAS BETWEEN 2 AND 4 KILOMETRES.

SYMBOLS FOR WEATHER.



SYMBOLS FOR VISIBILITY.



NOTE: FOR VISIBILITIES LESS THAN 1 KILOMETRE THE ACTUAL VISIBILITY IN METRES IS GIVEN IN RED FIGURES ON THE SLIDE IN THE FORM V50, V200, V500.

SYMBOLS FOR AMOUNT OF LOW CLOUD.



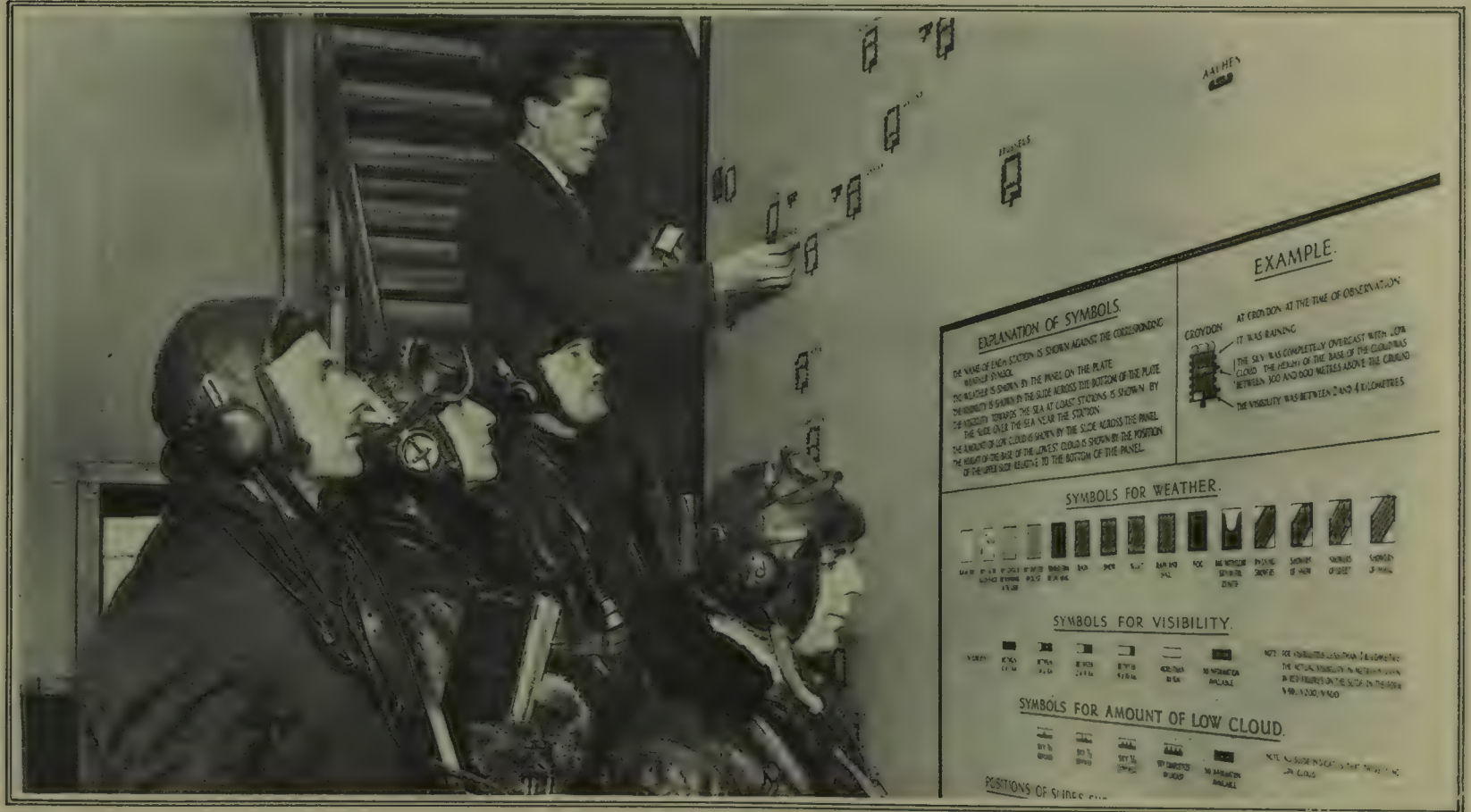
NOTE: NO SLIDE INDICATES THAT THERE IS NO LOW CLOUD.

POSITIONS OF SLIDES SHOWING HEIGHT OF BASE OF LOW CLOUD.



NOTE: WHEN THE CLOUD IS BELOW 200 METRES, THE HEIGHT OF THE BASE OF THE CLOUD, IN METRES ABOVE THE GROUND, IS GIVEN IN RED FIGURES ON THE CLOUD SLIDE.

A NEW PICTORIAL SYSTEM FOR INDICATING TO PILOTS THE STATE OF THE WEATHER AT VARIOUS POINTS ON THEIR ROUTES TO THE CONTINENT: SYMBOLS FOR WEATHER, VISIBILITY, CLOUDS, AND THEIR HEIGHT, MORE EASILY MEMORISED THAN PRINTED INFORMATION.



PILOTS STUDYING THE NEW PICTORIAL WEATHER GUIDE AT CROYDON AERODROME: INSPECTING A CHART ON WHICH AN OFFICIAL IS PLACING THE REQUISITE ROWS OF SYMBOLS IN SOCKETS REPRESENTING VARIOUS STATIONS ON THE CONTINENTAL ROUTES.

An ingenious weather-information chart is now displayed at Croydon Aerodrome in order that pilots may see at a glance the conditions of weather and visibility at various places along the air routes from Croydon to the Continent. Four types of symbols may be placed, one above the other, in the sockets on the chart representing the various aerodromes on the route. The top symbol shows the state of the weather, *s.e.*, "Clear sky," "Rain," or "Fog,"

as the case may be. The second symbol indicates the visibility distance; the third shows to what extent the sky is covered by low clouds; whilst the fourth shows at what height from the ground is the base of low clouds. As will be seen from the upper illustration, the symbols can be memorised after a few minutes' study. One can imagine the pilots' joy on those occasions, rare at this time of year, when a route is shown on the chart with "clear sky" all the way.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY S. AND G., VANDYK, E. AND F., KEYSTONE, TOPICAL, AND CENTRAL PRESS.



ENGLAND v. IRELAND AT TWICKENHAM: THE ENGLAND FIFTEEN—THE WINNERS. Back row (left to right): K. J. Stark, H. G. Periton, J. S. Tucker, D. E. Law, P. H. Davies, K. A. Sellar, and T. H. Vile (Referee). Second row: H. C. Catchside, H. M. Locke, R. Cove-Smith, L. J. Corbett (Captain), E. Stanbury, J. C. Gibbs, and W. C. T. Eyres. Front: H. C. C. Laird and A. T. Young (R.).



ENGLAND v. IRELAND AT TWICKENHAM: THE IRELAND FIFTEEN—THE LOSERS. Back row (left to right): J. B. Ganly, T. O. Pike, N. Ross, J. McVicker, J. Farrell, C. T. Payne, and G. Hamlet (President of the Irish Rugby Union). Second row: F. S. Hewitt, D. J. Cussen, W. F. Browne, W. E. Crawford (Captain), C. J. Hanrahan, H. McVicker, and G. V. Stephenson. Front: M. Sugden and E. Davy (R.).



THE LATE SIR FREDERICK HALSEY, B.T., DEPUTY GRAND MASTER OF ENGLISH FREEMASONS, 1903-26.



THE LATE DR. CHARLES DOOLITTLE WALCOTT, THE DISTINGUISHED UNITED STATES GEOLOGIST.



THE LATE JUDGE GEORGE H. HEAD, WHO PRESIDED OVER COUNTY COURT CIRCUIT NO. 16.



THE LATE ALDERMAN J. J. BISGOOD, MAYOR OF RICHMOND, SURREY.



THE LATE REV. JAMES STALKER, D.D., THE EMINENT FREE CHURCH THEOLOGIAN.



SIR FRANCIS AGLLEN, K.B.E., THE DISMISSED INSPECTOR-GENERAL OF MARITIME CUSTOMS, CHINA.



ALLEGED INDECENT PLAYS IN NEW YORK: THE INQUIRY COMMITTEE OF PRODUCERS, PLAYWRIGHTS, AND THE ACTORS' EQUITY ASSOCIATION. Seated (left to right): Theresa Hepburn, Winthrop Ames (Chairman), Katherine Emmet, and George Kelly. Standing (left to right): Frank Gillmore, Sidney Howard, Arthur Richman, Arthur Hopkins, and Ralph Morgan.



THE OPENING OF THE NEW ROYAL EAR HOSPITAL (DUVEEN MEMORIAL) IN HUNTLEY STREET: MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, THE MINISTER OF HEALTH, SPEAKING—ON THE LEFT, MR. GEOFFREY DUVEEN, WHO PRESENTED THE BUILDING AND SITE AT A COST OF OVER £75,000.

In the England *versus* Ireland Rugby Football Match on February 12, England won by a goal and a try (eight points) to a penalty goal and a try (six points).—The Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Halsey, P.C., who died on February 12, at the age of eighty-seven, was best known, perhaps, for his connection with English Freemasonry. From 1874 until 1906 he was M.P. (C.) for the Watford Division.—The death of Doctor Charles Doolittle Walcott, in his seventy-seventh year, was announced from New York on February 9.—His Honour Judge G. H. Head, whose body was found cut into two on the line at Victoria Underground Station on February 11, was fifty-seven.—Alderman Bisgood, who died as the result of an accident, was interested in various business undertakings, and was an expert in insurance.—The Rev. James Stalker, who died at Florence in his seventy-ninth year, was Professor of Church History in the United Free Church College, Aberdeen, from

1902 until his retirement in 1924, when he received the title of Emeritus Professor.—It was announced the other day that the Peking Government had dismissed Sir Francis Aglen from the position of Inspector-General of Maritime Customs in China, which he had held since 1911. An official protest was lodged.—A telegram of February 10 announced that, as a part of the campaign to "clean up" the New York stage, the police had arrested certain producers, playwrights, and actors concerned in the presentation of alleged indecent plays. In view of this, it is of interest to note that before this drastic police action the theatrical producers, the playwrights, and the Actors' Equity Association had already formed the committee seen in our photograph, in order that they might make inquiry into alleged theatrical indecencies.—The new Royal Ear Hospital is illustrated on page 322.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEW ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY P. AND A., C.N., AND QUICK PICTURES.



THE FAMOUS DOG-SLED "DERBY" AT THE PAS, MANITOBA: THE COMPETING TEAMS LINED UP FOR THE START OF ONE OF THREE 40-MILE HEATS, WITH THE TEMPERATURE 42 DEGREES BELOW ZERO.



WINNER OF THE DOG-SLED "DERBY" FOR THE SECOND TIME IN SUCCESSION: EMILE ST. GODDARD WITH HIS "LEAD" DOG.



THE "MYSTERY TOWER" USED FOR A NAVAL FILM: THE NAB LIGHT, FROM WHICH THE "YARMOUTH'S" GUN-FIRE WAS PHOTOGRAPHED



A BRITISH CRUISER AS A FILM SETTING: PHOTOGRAPHING A GUN CREW "IN ACTION" ABOARD H.M.S. "YARMOUTH," AS A SCENE FOR THE OFFICIAL FILM OF THE BATTLES OF CORONEL AND THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.



JEREMY BENTHAM'S "MUMMY," WHICH ATTENDS UNIVERSITY COLLEGE BOARD MEETINGS: THE CLOTHED EFFIGY RECENTLY SHOWN TO THE QUEEN.

Describing the two top photographs, a Canadian correspondent writes: "The famous dog-sled Derby at the Pas, Manitoba, covering a distance of 120 miles, run in three heats of 40 miles each, was won for the second time in succession by Emile St. Goddard in 11 h. 27 m. 15½ s. Next year probably this race will again become a 200-mile non-stop classic."—The Nab Light, off Spithead, known during the war as "the Mystery Tower," was recently used in the production of the official naval film representing the battles of Coronel and the Falkland Islands. H.M.S. "Yarmouth," a sister ship of the "Glasgow," which fought through both battles, passed close to the tower so that films might be taken of her guns firing.



AN INQUISITION TORTURE-CHAMBER DISCOVERED IN PALACE DUNGEONS AT GRANADA: THE INTERIOR AS USED, WITH A STONE BRAZIER FOR HEATING IMPLEMENTS.

Two camera-men were on board the ship to photograph the gun crews "in action."—When the Queen visited University College, Gower Street, the other day, she saw the strange effigy of Jeremy Bentham, one of the founders, consisting of his mummified skin stuffed and clothed, with a portrait-mask for face. He left money to the College on condition that his body should be preserved and sit at board meetings!—During repairs to the Chancellor's Palace at Granada, there was found in the dungeons a bricked-up torture-chamber with its grim contents just as they were used at the time of the Spanish Inquisition. The apparatus included a stone brazier to heat the burning implements.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

A Beloved Princess.

The Royal Family will have a warm welcome for Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, when she arrives from South Africa presently with her daughter, Lady May Cambridge, to spend part of the season in London. It is more than three years since Lord Athlone went out to the Cape as Governor-General of the Union of South Africa, and he and his wife have made many friends there. Princess Alice is liked and admired by the South African women as she has always been here, and she has the art of setting people at their ease. She has taken an interest in all their social work, more especially in everything connected with child welfare, and both she and Lord Athlone give the impression that they are genuinely more interested in the things that

interest the people at the Cape, and in the other States, than in their own affairs.

Princess Alice has a lively, independent mind, and good taste, both in clothes and in house-decoration. When she left her home in Windsor Castle to move into the apartments at Kensington Palace which the King granted her after the death of her mother, the Duchess of Albany, she took great delight in their redecoration, but she had



ONE OF THE PEERESSES PRESENT AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: THE COUNTESS OF MINTO.

Photograph by Lafayette.

only been there for a short time before she had to make a new home in South Africa. Lady May, who came of age last month, is a special favourite of Queen Mary's, and spent a good deal of time with her in the first months after Princess Mary married.

The Proud Clubwomen.

The workmen are very busy with the alterations to Spencer House, and the Ladies' Army and Navy Club, which has secured the lease of Lord Spencer's beautiful historic London house, expects to move into it next month. They will then be able to boast of having the most magnificent women's club in London, and one with the finest outlook, for it gazes over its own lawn at the grass and trees of the Green Park.

The lofty dining-room, which opens at either end into smaller, but equally beautiful, rooms, looks on to a wide terrace raised on stone arches and running the whole length of the façade. This has a romantic and festive air, and it is to be hoped that the women who sit at tables having tea there in full view of the Park will dress decoratively, as befits the setting.

The great drawing-room on the first floor, the finest of the reception rooms, is tinted an egg-shell green, with gilded decoration in Grecian design, harmonising with the Corinthian columns of the handsome doorways. When the doors are open, there is a clear view through the suite of rooms. An adjoining room, semi-circular at one end, is very elaborately decorated, the walls



TO PRESIDE AT THE EXECUTIVE OF THE INTERNATIONAL COUNCIL OF WOMEN IN GENEVA AT JUNE: THE MARCHIONESS OF ABERDEEN.

Photograph by Maull and Fox.

covered with painted designs into which the most charming little pictures are set, and the painted mantelpiece is flanked by two beautiful carved

wooden figures. The mantelpieces, painted, or of white or coloured marbles, and the wrought-iron fire-grates set in their wide spaces, are among the distinctions of this perfect house. Even the service passages with their groined roofs have an architectural value. When the additions have been completed, the club will have more than seventy bed-rooms, and a garage for forty cars.



ON HER WAY TO BUENOS AIRES WITH HER FAMILY: LADY BEAUCHAMP.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Last week there was a "community singing" farewell for Lady Beauchamp, who is President of the newly-formed Community Singing Association. This will have raised the hope in the minds of her fellow passengers that community singing will be a feature of the *Almeda's* voyage.

Lady Aberdeen.

The mention of pneumonia during an epidemic of influenza alarms everybody, and Lady Aberdeen's many friends were much distressed when they learned that almost as soon as she returned to the House of Cromar from a crowded two days' visit to London, she had developed pneumonia.

Her daughter, Lady Pentland, at once went up to look after her, but has now returned to town. For some days Lady Aberdeen's condition caused considerable anxiety, and it was a great relief to her friends when her wonderful constitution triumphed. Great care will be taken of her now, for she is to preside at the meeting of the Executive of the International Council of Women at Geneva in June, when two or three hundred women from National Councils will also visit Geneva.



WEARING THE DRESS OF QUEEN ANNE EMBROIDERY SHE HAD MADE FOR HER RECEPTION ON THE EVE OF THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.

Lady Londonderry's dress was particularly interesting and beautiful. She discovered the material in an old box, and had it made up. It was of pale yellow silk with Queen Anne embroidery. She carried a peacock feather fan, and wore her magnificent jewels.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Lords and Ladies.

After hearing the strictures of our finest decorative artist, Ethel Walker, on the modish woman's dress, it was natural to have her in mind when viewing that supremely decorative ceremonial, the State Opening of Parliament in the House of Lords. The

Peers, of course, had carefully preserved tradition to thank for the glory of their scarlet and white robes. But the Peeresses had full choice of costume, and the question was, how far had they added to the beauty of the scene?

The royal picture was perfect. The Queen was a radiant figure in her long gown of pale cloth-of-gold and her diamonds; and to her left, half withdrawn into the shadows, stood three tall ladies in gowns that had a dull, soft sheen, with hems that touched the ground. They had poise and dignity, and were entirely decorative. In the galleries above were ladies of high degree, all richly dressed.

In spite of Ethel Walker, one recognised that long hair—and only a small proportion of the ladies were shingled—is not as uniformly attractive as a

shining bobbed or shingled head, and further, that on an occasion like this, where so many were wearing tiaras or wide jewelled bands, those with only a small hair ornament had an undressed appearance. Several of the ladies had not thought of themselves as individuals in a



ONE OF THE PEERESSES PRESENT AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT: THE COUNTESS OF HADDINGTON.

Photograph by Lafayette.

pageant, or dressed to fit into the picture. Few of them erred with regard to colour, though deep fuchsia or bright pink did not accord well with the predominant scarlet of the Lords' robes, nor did flimsy georgettes look half as well as velvet or heavy satins.

These are, perhaps, carping criticisms, due, however, to delight in the whole general effect, which nothing should be allowed to spoil. One of the state-liest ladies there was the Duchess of Wellington, in a wonderful ermine coat; and one of the loveliest was Lady Gosford, slim and graceful in black velvet. Near her were sitting the two Canadian sisters, Lady Minto (who was with the Dowager Countess of Minto) and Lady Haddington.

Miss Violet Cordery.

In spite of her recent illness and the fact that she had only been out of a nurse's care for a few days, Miss Violet Cordery, the intrepid girl motorist, kept to her original programme, and set out last week on her 12,000-mile motor trip round the world. It makes one rather dizzy to read of all the places she means to visit in the five continents before she returns to London in July, and one feels, too, that, though she is in charge of the car, her three companions will for the first two or three weeks at least, be keeping careful watch on her health.

Miss Cordery has, of course, astonishing powers of endurance. In fact, the Royal Automobile Club awarded her the Dewar Trophy, which is granted to the motor-driver performing the greatest feat of endurance during last year. She had distinguished herself twice within two months, on the Monza track in Italy and on the Montlhéry track in Paris, driving at terrific rates. One imagines that she will go around the world like a streak.



OFF ON HER 12,000-MILE MOTOR TRIP ROUND THE WORLD: MISS VIOLET CORDERY.

Photograph by Hassano.

"RENOVN" IN THE PANAMA CANAL: BETWEEN ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC.



ENTERING THE MIRAFLORES LOCKS: "RENOVN"—THE SECOND LARGEST VESSEL THAT HAS MADE THE PASSAGE THROUGH THE PANAMA CANAL.

"RENOVN" IN THE LOWER CHAMBER OF THE GATUN LOCK: WHERE THE ROYAL PARTY DISEMBARKED IN ORDER TO WATCH THE OPERATION OF THE SPILLWAY OF GATUN LAKE.



THE DUKE AND DUCHESS AT BALBOA: LISTENING TO THE ADDRESS OF THE EAST INDIAN DELEGATION.



IN THE BIG "SLIDE" AREA OF THE CANAL: H.M.S. "RENOVN," WITH THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK ABOARD, PASSING GOLD AND CONTRACTORS' HILLS.



SPECIALLY WORKED FOR THE DUKE AND DUCHESS: THE SPILLWAY OF GATUN LAKE (WHICH HAS AN AREA OF A HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FOUR SQUARE MILES) IN OPERATION.



WITH COL. MERIWEATHER WALKER, GOVERNOR OF THE CANAL ZONE: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS IN THE TRAIN CONVEYING THEM TO THE GATUN SPILLWAY

"Renown," with the Duke and Duchess of York aboard, reached Cristobal on January 25, escorted by U.S. war-ships; and there the British Minister and his staff came aboard, followed later by the Governor of the Panama Canal, the General Officer commanding the troops, the Admiral commanding the Naval District and their staffs. After breakfast the royal party disembarked at the

Gatun Lock to watch the operation of the Spillway of Gatun Lake. They then went aboard again, and the "Renown" proceeded towards Balboa, where she arrived at five o'clock in the afternoon. Señor Chiari, the President of Panama, and his Cabinet were then received. There was much cheering as the ship passed through the Canal and its various locks.

Fashions & Fancies

Modes which
have triumphed
on the Riviera.

By now, the new collections of famous Paris *couturiers* have passed their Rubicon on the Riviera, and the accepted modes can be met any time of day on the Promenade des Anglais and in the Casino at night. One of the most pronounced triumphs is the renaissance of the coat and skirt. Skirts are short and pleated with discretion, and coats are equally brief, rather plain and tight-fitting, with a link button fastening allowing glimpses of a waistcoat beneath. The checked skirt and plain coat is very fashionable, but there are signs already that it will become too much of

Petersham ribbons in many colours decorate this trim little wine-red felt from Henry Heath's, 105, Oxford Street, W.

a favourite to remain distinctive. As a variation, there are skirts boasting diagonal stripes or bordered with checks to match the facings of the coat, equally effective and more original. The three-piece ensemble is almost indistinguishable from a coat and skirt, complete with a silk jumper to match, and the long coat and dress of one material are quite of the last generation in the prolific family of fashions.

Wider Skirts
for Afternoon
and Evening.

Influenced, perhaps, by the fact that everyone dances nowadays in the afternoon and evening indiscriminately, the frocks are very much the same, save that those for the five o'clock have long sleeves. Chiffon, georgette, printed crêpe-de-Chine, arranged in pleats and panels, or quite frankly in a "picture" semi-crinoline style—they look their best swinging gracefully to the rhythm of the band. For older women, the more formal frocks are sometimes carried out entirely in a soft edition of moiré silk. One very smart model carried out in this material is perfectly straight, with inverted pleats at the sides showing a lining of the new Mediterranean blue which matches a deep embroidered veston of georgette in front. The tall collar is kept in place by a blue ribbon with a neat bow in front, manipulated with as much care as a man's dress tie. Another fashionable material is *charme-line*, which is used in the loveliest colourings, mulberry, hyacinth, and every nuance of blue predominating. The frocks, like the new felt hats, are often carried out in two shades, opening coat fashion on a lighter panel or with a short coatee over a contrasting coloured jumper.

Buckles and
Brooches to
Match.

There is a tendency even in evening frocks to simulate a coat opening on an under-dress of some different material or colour, and it is a line which gives grace and slimness to a well-developed figure. Sometimes it is the panel in front which is richly embroidered with beads and sequins, half veiled by a chiffon coatee, or the entire frock may be of georgette worked with *diamanté* introducing quite a plain strip of plissé chiffon. The jewelled clasps and buckles which appear at the waist play an important rôle in the general scheme of decoration, and these are of wonderful workmanship, the intricate designs repeated in a large brooch worn in the corsage. It seems, by the way, that at the Riviera more and more jewel shops are opening, tiny branches of famous firms who send some of their loveliest jewellery down south at this time of year.

Hats for the
Season in Town.

There are always so many important functions arranged for spring days in town that the more formal type of hat for smart occasions will be a necessity. An attractive trio of new models from the well-known firm of Henry Heath's, 105, Oxford Street, W., are pictured above. The hat, completed with a scarf to match, is carried out in black georgette printed with red and brown. A trellised embroidery of red decorates the front of the hat, and the brim is of straw. In the centre is another hat with a straw brim, the crown being made of black petersham strikingly draped. On the left is a small wine-coloured felt trimmed with petersham ribbons in many colours laid flat against



A distinctive hat for the coming season expressed in black petersham and straw; it was sketched at Henry Heath's.

the crown. It must not be forgotten that this firm is famous for its sports felts, which are exceptionally light, and can be obtained in any size and colour. The "Sans Souci" is a becoming model which can be secured for 29s. 6d., and is available in a host of delightful new colours.

Tailored Coats
and Suits.

That it will be a "tailored" spring is already an established fact, and two items which are indispensable to every woman's wardrobe are a well-cut coat and suit such as the two pictured on this page. The coat is of beige and brown hopsack with checked facings, and the inverted pleats are lined with the latter material.

The coat and skirt is built of a very fine tweed in soft shades of grey and blue faintly overchecked with green. A slight waistline is indicated by a series of tiny tucks. The correctness and faultless tailoring is guaranteed by the fact that these models come from Burberrys, in the Haymarket, S.W., who have an infinite choice of attractive new materials for the spring. There are fine tweeds, hopsacks, and Urbitor suitings (the latter being waterproof) in all the latest colours and patterns. And matching these are neat tailored hats in straw and unspottable felt which are available in extra big sizes as well as smaller ones. Tweed hats to go with costumes are another speciality, and are exceedingly practical, as they will roll up and pack easily without being damaged in the least.

Courtauld's Linings.

In a well-tailored coat the lining is as important to the general fit as the cloth itself, and the most attractive new coat will look shabby if, after a few weeks' wear, the lining is worn and discoloured. Last year's coats, too, which are cleaned and pressed need only the addition of a new lining to make them as good as new. Courtauld's linings are the latest product of this enterprising firm of artificial-silk manufacturers, and they boast a large number of guaranteed qualities. They are exceptionally durable and do not discolour or grow shabby, while they may be cleaned without the slightest risk of losing that delightfully silky surface which makes the coat so easy to slip in and out of with the greatest comfort. Almost every colour, plain or patterned, is available, and, should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining them at the leading outfitters, application should be made direct to the manufacturers at 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, E.C.

Jumper Suits
for 7½ Guineas.

It is already an established fact that cloth jumper suits, as correctly tailored as the fashionable coat and skirt, will be greatly in evidence at smart spring gatherings. Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, S.W., are making a speciality of these useful items of the wardrobe at the pleasantly accessible price of 7½ guineas. One, for instance, is of fine bois-de-rose suiting faced with a border of striped orange, blue and green woven in the material. Another has a jumper of stockinette, so fine that it seems like a very pliable facecloth, strapped with suiting, and the short pleated skirt is made entirely of the latter. Some of the jumpers are the "pull-over-the-head" style, and others button like a coat and may be worn with a blouse. Then, a three-piece cardigan suit, with the jumper and cardigan of fine stockinette woven like tweed, and a tweed skirt, can be secured for 8½ guineas complete. In the same salons, pleated repp skirts in new styles and designs are from 35s. They are ideal for town and country wear, and are exceedingly smart worn with the fashionable "odd" jackets which are now included in every woman's wardrobe.



A perfectly tailored coat and suit for the spring built by Burberrys, in the Haymarket, S.W. The coat is beige and brown hopsack with checked facings, and the well-fitting suit is of fine tweed in faint checks of grey, blue and green.



This delightful scarf and hat "en suite," from Henry Heath's, is carried out in georgette gaily printed with soft shades of red and brown on a black background.

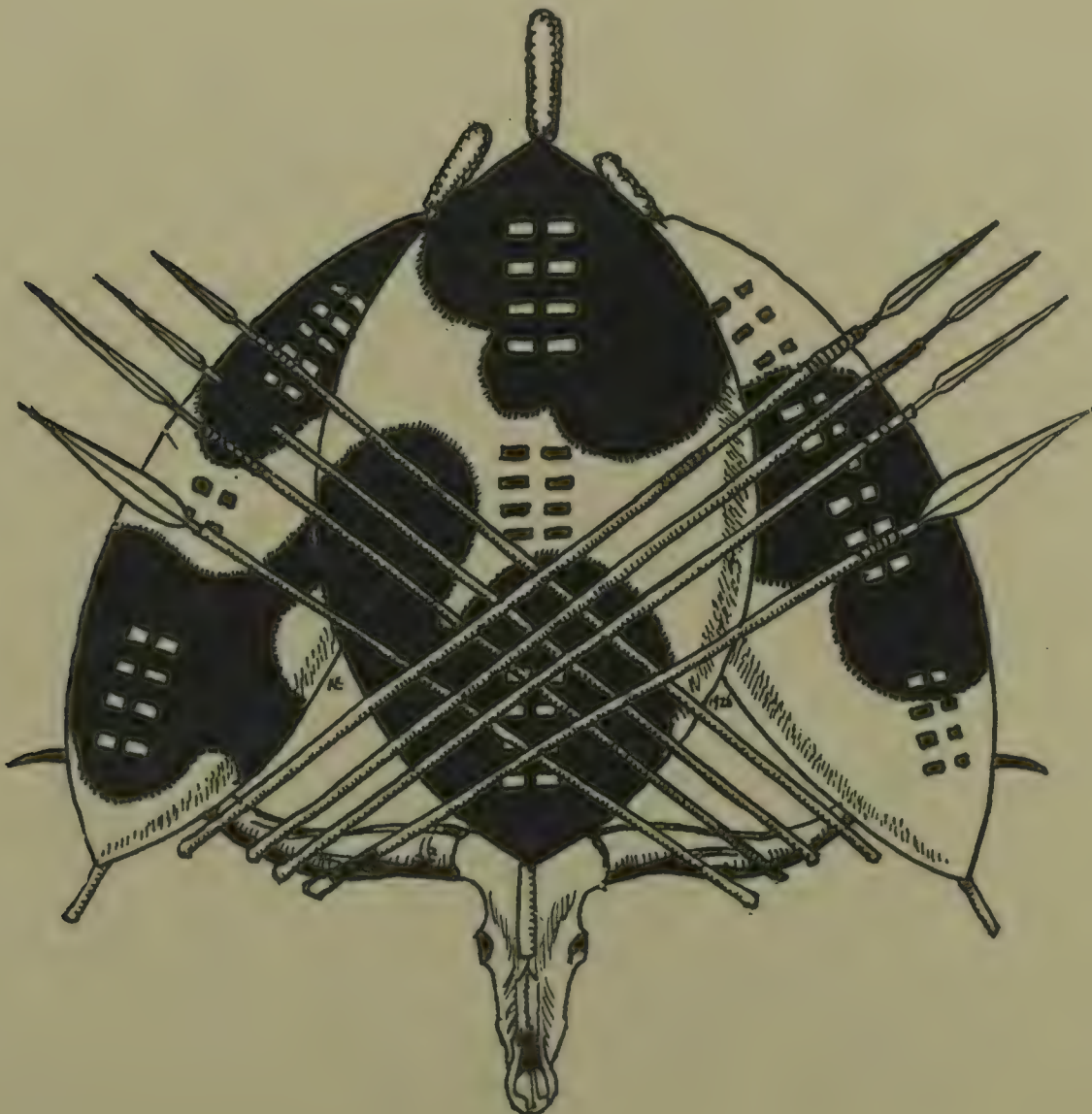
South Africa

SUNSHINE TOURS.



THE services of the London Travel Bureau of the Union Government are at the disposal of persons who intend visiting South Africa. Tours are arranged by officials with an intimate knowledge of South Africa, and enquiries should be addressed to the Publicity Agent, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, London, W.C. 2.

Write for Tours Book ("A.Y.") or Telephone Regent 6760, Extension 120.



THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

THE London Opera Syndicate announces that the box-office at Covent Garden will be opened next month for subscriptions to the two cycles of the "Ring" which will be performed during the coming season. A number of changes in last year's cast are also announced. Among the most important of these is the reappearance of Friedrich Schorr as Wotan throughout the cycle. Mr. Schorr is the finest Wotan London has heard for many years; and, as last year's Wotan was one of the weak spots in the production of the "Ring," it is good news that we are to have Mr. Schorr back again. Personally, I think a first-rate Wotan is more important than any other individual part in the "Ring"—if one may momentarily subscribe to the heresy that one part can ever be more important than another in a great work of art.

Everyone will be glad to hear that Maria Olczewska is returning. The "Ring" without her magnificent Fricka would not be the same thing, except in the improbable event of the Syndicate's having found another Olczewska, although, of course, the younger generation is always hard at the heels of the experienced and mature artist, waiting for its chance. Maria Olczewska during the coming season will divide the rôles of Fricka, Waltraute, and Erda with a new contralto, Sigrid Onegin, who by her name suggests a Scandinavian version of the "Ring" myth. Another Scandinavian singer is the Swedish soprano Goete Ljungberg, who will sing Sieglinde in one of the cycles. The other Sieglinde will be Lotte Lehmann, whom everybody will welcome back as one of the finest operatic artists we have had at Covent Garden for very many years. Goete Ljungberg appeared at Covent Garden and made a very favourable impression in 1924. On this occasion she will also sing Guttrune, and will appear as Kundry in "Parsifal," which is one of her favourite rôles. She ought to appear to great advantage in it, as she is one of those rare sopranos who can look tall and slender on the stage.

Scandinavia seems to be producing large numbers of singers, for there is still another Swede in the list of new artists. This is Mme. Larsen-Todsen, a dramatic soprano now singing in her third season at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. She will appear in the "Ring" as Brunnhilde, and probably will also sing Isolde, having the reputation of being

as fine an actress as a singer. An old favourite who will reappear is Frida Leider, who will no doubt divide the rôles of Isolde and Brunnhilde with Nannie Larsen-Todsen. Last season's successful tenors,

Lauritz Melchior and Rudolf Laubenthal, are returning, and other familiar members of last year's cast of the "Ring"—Jannsen, Habich, Helgers, and Reiss—will fill their customary parts. With this quite extraordinary array of talent, and with Bruno Walter conducting the two cycles of the "Ring," this year ought to be something to look forward to.

A singer whom London will welcome is Maria Ivoguen, a light coloratura soprano of exceptional virtuosity, who will no doubt appear in the "Seraglio," which is to be the only opera by Mozart to be given this year. She will also probably be heard in some of the Italian operas, such as "Rigoletto." It will come as a surprise to some that Frida Leider, whom we all know as a fine Isolde, is to sing in Verdi's "Trovatore," which is to be revived. But, apparently, it was hearing Verdi's "Trovatore" that inspired Mme. Leider to abandon the study of medicine and choose singing as a career. That fine Italian baritone, Mariano Stabile, is to return to us, but, unhappily, we are not to have "Falstaff" again, which is a great pity, for it is an opera we cannot hear too often. However, in its place we are to be given "Otello." The ration of Puccini has been cut down to "Tosca" and "Turandot." Everyone will be curious to hear Puccini's last opera. One hears very contradictory accounts of it. When first performed in Milan the music seems to have been buried beneath the scenery, which was on a scale of such magnificence that it is a wonder Mussolini did not invoke some sumptuary law against Toscanini.

An interesting revival will be that of "Gli Ugonotti." This opera of Meyerbeer's is likely to prove of greater historical than musical interest, and it will probably draw all the operatic antiquaries to Covent Garden from every part of the country. More interesting musically will be Beethoven's "Fidelio," which has not been given at Covent Garden for seventeen years. The Leonore will be a newcomer to London, Mme. Helene Wildbrunn, who is well known in Berlin.

Richard Strauss will be represented only by "Der Rosenkavalier," although a production in London of some of his more recent works, such as "Die Frau ohne Schatten," is long overdue. There will be no "Meistersinger" this season, but, instead, "Parsifal." I have never been able to share in the admiration for this work, but I am still open to conviction that it is a great masterpiece. I feel, however, that the libretto

[Continued overleaf.]



THE RESULT OF A GIFT OF OVER £75,000 BY MR. GEOFFREY DUVEEN: THE NEW ROYAL EAR HOSPITAL (DUVEEN MEMORIAL) IN HUNTLEY STREET, W.C.1.

The Minister of Health, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, opened the new Royal Ear Hospital, which forms part of University College Hospital, on February 9. This institution, which will give the necessary extra accommodation for the hospital's work in connection with the treatment of diseases of the ear, nose, and throat, is the result of a gift of over £75,000 by Mr. Geoffrey Duveen, who thus honours the memory of his father, the late Mr. Henry J. Duveen. A building having been so munificently provided, it now remains for the charitable to give funds for the upkeep: the Director of Appeals for University College Hospital can be found at 17, Waterloo Place, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

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OLD SAYINGS SERIES No. 14

“Pull Devil, Pull Baker”

Early in the nineteenth century there was a popular magic lantern slide which probably gave rise to the saying “Pull Devil, Pull Baker.”

A baker engaged in bread-making was visited by the devil, and, being detected in giving less than full measure, had his bread and money bag confiscated.

The struggle that ensued, with the baker holding on to the devil's tail, developed into a “pull devil, pull baker,” until the latter was defeated. In the last scene the baker appeared in his own basket being carried to his doom on the devil's back.

The most popular saying to-day is
“Johnnie Walker, please!”

Born 1820—
Still going Strong!

(Continued.)

rather than the music is the cause of its popularity, although the score displays a consummate mastery of orchestral expression.

It is in the French section that the London Opera Syndicate's programme for the season makes the poorest show. One French opera, "Carmen," is to be given as against nine German, six Italian, and one cosmopolitan. Although this perhaps gives a true picture of the relative importance of the three countries (musically!), yet a case could be made out for presenting France in a better aspect than this. For one thing, it is time that France's greatest composer, Hector Berlioz, was given his due at Covent Garden. If the London Opera Syndicate wants to do something really enterprising and magnificent next year, let them give us Berlioz's "Les Troyens." Why this opera, which is frequently performed at the Paris Opera House, should never be given at Covent Garden I cannot understand. Perhaps, in the past, those responsible for directing the programmes at Covent Garden have fought shy of Berlioz in the ardour of their championship of Wagner. Perhaps they have remembered what Wagner said in his autobiography after hearing Berlioz read to him in Paris the libretto of "Les Troyens," which was written by Berlioz himself. Wagner's words are—

"I now looked up my friend Berlioz, whose acquaintance I had recently renewed in London, and on the whole I found him kindly disposed. I informed him that I had only just come to Paris on a short pleasure trip. He was at that time (about 1858) busy composing a grand opera, 'Die Trojaner.' In order to get an impression of the work, I was particularly anxious to hear the libretto Berlioz had written himself, and he spent an evening reading it out to me. I was disappointed in it, not only as far as I was concerned, but also by his singularly dry and theatrical delivery. I fancied that in the latter I could see the character of the music to which he had set his words, and I sank into utter despair about it, as I could see that he regarded this as his masterpiece and was looking forward to its production as the great object of his life."

Actually, when first produced, "Les Troyens" was a comparative failure, but that was not surprising at the time. "Tannhäuser" was also a failure in Paris, where, as a matter of fact, nothing that had any enduring quality ever succeeded in those days. But



WEEK-END VISITORS TO ENGLAND, IN ORDER THAT THEY MIGHT SEE THE EXHIBITION OF BELGIAN AND FLEMISH ART AT BURLINGTON HOUSE: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS IN LONDON.

The King and Queen of the Belgians visited London privately at the end of last week, and on the Sunday lunched at Buckingham Palace with the King and Queen. The royal party, which included the Prince of Wales, Prince George, Princess Mary, Viscountess Lascelles, and Viscount Lascelles, then went to Burlington House to see the Exhibition of Belgian and Flemish Art. Their Majesties arranged to return to Brussels on February 15.

Photograph by Farrington.

it has since been thought by most serious critics that Berlioz was right in thinking "Les Troyens" his masterpiece, and that is, in itself, quite sufficient justification for its production at Covent Garden.

It is nevertheless true that France has not produced a repertory of operas with any lasting quality. The experiment of reviving Massenet's "Thaïs" made by the London Opera Syndicate was a disastrous failure; and, even allowing for the fact that "Thaïs" does not represent Massenet at his best, it is probably true that nobody wants to hear another Massenet opera for a very long time. It is surprising, however, if there has been nothing composed in France during the last thirty years which can bear comparison with Puccini and Strauss. Certainly "Louise" is successful to a certain degree with the public, although never with musicians. There was a rumour that "Louise" was to have been revived this season, but fortunately that is apparently not so. The younger and more lively of present-day French composers have, under the influence of Stravinsky, turned to the ballet form, of which they share with the Russians a virtual monopoly.

Ravel, who wrote the thoroughly delightful "L'Heure Espagnole," which never fails in its appeal, has succeeded it with nothing equally successful; and Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" requires a French cast and a great deal of work, and it has never yet made a real success with the London public, which is rather surprising. One would have thought that the success of "The Immortal Hour" would have proved that such a libretto as Maeterlinck's could not fail to please our public. The fact that it would be just as intelligible to the average Londoner in French as in English ought also to be a factor in its favour; but, of course, one has got to remember that a great deal of the success of "The Immortal Hour" is due to Rutland Boughton's music, whereas Maeterlinck's libretto is handicapped—for popularity—with the more esoteric and exquisite music of Debussy. W. J. TURNER.

We understand that H.R.H. the Princess Royal has purchased a Singer "Senior" Saloon, finished in blue, through Messrs. Pass and Joyce, Ltd., 373, Euston Road, London, N.W.1. This mark of royal favour for this light car further goes to prove the suitability of the medium-powered saloon for every social occasion.

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NATIONALITY AND CIVILISATION.

(Continued from Page 304.)

drawbacks of this are not always as much dreaded as they should be, because France is the one European country where a certain number of centres of culture independent of the State, and able to oppose themselves to it, still exist. But it is an exception. In the rest of Europe the teaching of all the natural sciences, as also of the political and moral sciences, law, history, philosophy and political economy, depends directly or indirectly on the State. Literature and art are more independent, but, if they are not actually in the direct pay of the powers that be and obliged to serve them, they cannot brave their displeasure with impunity. Everywhere, to-day, artists and literary men still live more agreeably and work with greater profit when they succeed in capturing the goodwill of those in power.

In no part of Europe does a writer, a philosopher, a lawyer, a historian, a physicist, or a chemist now find himself in the position of a theologian in a Catholic country before the Revolution—that is to say, of being able to speak in the name of a moral authority which all the world considered superior to the State. In these days doctrines are too elastic for it to be difficult for sincere patriotism, enhanced by the hope of a personal advantage, to accommodate them to the interest of the State. In the years that preceded 1914 the professors of international law had often to occupy themselves with incidents and conflicts which at that time were continually occurring between the Great Powers. I do not remember a single case in which one of those jurists acknowledged that his country was in the wrong. All of them invariably found arguments to prove that their Governments were in the right. Why? They were not jurists giving an impartial opinion on a point of law; they were advocates passionately pleading a cause.

That is the position, more or less, in which all the intellectuals in all countries find themselves to-day. It seems to be unlikely that this position will change materially in the near future, or even during one generation. Let us endeavour to convert Romier's noble ideas into reality, but without allowing ourselves too many illusions. So long as the present situation continues, the recruiting of the new aristocracy will be neither very easy nor very abundant. Must we conclude, therefore, that the struggle between the idea of the nation and the idea of civilisation must lead Europe into a new barbarism? I am no such pessimist. In a certain sense it appears to me that M. Romier has assumed that the state of things created by the war will necessarily become permanent. Ought it not, on the contrary, to be exceptional and passing?

So long as the war lasted the peoples endured the hard laws of necessity. All the belligerents considered only how they might emerge from the struggle with as little damage as possible. But they always considered the exacerbation of national egoisms, imposed by the war, as transitory, or even as a means of assuring to us the most precious things

of our old civilisation: peace, law, justice, and material prosperity. Such was the spirit in which the war was waged. If what M. Romier calls the idea of nation gained great strength during the nineteenth century, the idea of civilisation did not at the same time weaken. Despite the ruins heaped up by the war and the moral disorder which is left behind among all peoples and all classes, we are still living in the wisest, richest, and most humane epoch which the world has ever seen.

The sentiments which made ours the most humane epoch in history were paralysed for a moment by the war; they have not been destroyed. We need only allow those sentiments, repressed during the war, to have free play and they will regain their full strength. I think I was one of those who had the least illusions as to the difficulties which all the belligerents, vanquished and victorious alike, would encounter; but I never believed that Europe would repudiate the most noble part of her old civilisation in order to engage in an interminable struggle of national conceit.

The facts are beginning to prove that this optimism was justified. Once the first fury of the war was past, national jealousies rapidly calmed down, and for the last two years all the peoples have consented, with comparative facility, to the sacrifices necessary to ensure for Europe, if not perpetual peace, at least a stable condition of order in the intercourse between the different States, which is the primary condition necessary to lead Europe back to her former splendour. If we could organise what M. Romier calls the idea of civilisation, if we could confide its defence to a powerful and influential *élite*, we should indeed have cause to congratulate ourselves. But the sentiments of justice, law, solidarity, liberty, and humanity are strong enough to succeed in preventing a return to barbarism even without that *élite* and without organisation, provided they are able to make themselves felt as they did before the war.

It is for this reason that, while awaiting the creation of that European *élite*, it seems above all things necessary and urgent, in order to save European civilisation, that we should defend liberty. The marvellous synthesis made by Europe of the Greek and Roman and Christian spirits would run serious risks only if the power in the greatest and most cultured European States were to fall into the hands of armed minorities who, in the name of a narrow and fanatical nationalism, would repress the deepest and most noble aspirations of the modern soul. Then, indeed, the idea of civilisation and the idea of nation would no longer balance as, with the exception of a few passing crises, they have always done in Europe, and a mortal combat would ensue.

The levity with which, in all countries, a part of the superior and cultivated classes played, after the war, with the doctrines of despotism, seems to me to be much more dangerous for civilisation than the excesses of national egoism. Political and intellectual liberty is to-day the vital problem of European civilisation. Civilisation will save itself, despite the violent disturbances of the war, if

the majority of European States succeed in preserving for all the moral forces of our time the possibility of manifesting themselves freely. These forces are numerous, vigorous, and profound, and contain in themselves the guarantee for all necessary balances, in order that the Europe of to-morrow may be worthy of the Europe of yesterday; even the guarantee for the maintenance of the balance between the national idea and the idea of civilisation.

National egoisms of all kinds, from xenophobia to imperialism, will find their restraint and their limit in those salutary forces. If the synthesis of the Greek, Roman, and Christian spirits made the grandeur of Europe, it is necessary, in order to preserve that grandeur, that those three spirits should be allowed to develop, to collaborate, and to compete on equal terms without let or hindrance; and the State must not intervene with all its strength to aid one in suppressing another.

The problem seems to become much more simple. Liberty, as a condition of equilibrium, is the supreme safeguard of a civilisation as marvellously complex as the civilisation of Europe.

The meeting and at-home which the Lady Mayoress is giving at the Mansion House on March 8 in aid of the British Hospital for Mothers and Babies is likely to be a most interesting affair, as well as an effort to help a most excellent cause. Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles, the president of the hospital, has graciously promised to attend both the meeting and the reception, and the speakers will include the Lord Mayor, Susan Duchess of Somerset, Mrs. Philip Snowden, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh.

March 1 is a date to be noted in the diary of Londoners, as it is the evening on which the Mardi-Gras Ball and Cabaret will take place under the auspices of the British Empire Union at the Hyde Park Hotel. Viscountess Bertie of Thame is acting as hostess, and the patrons include the Duchess of Atholl, the Marchioness of Londonderry, the Countess of Shaftesbury, the Countess of Strathmore, and many other well-known people. Marius B. Winter's band will play, and those who tire of dancing can take advantage of the fact that bridge tables will be available for those who wish to play. Tickets at a guinea, or a book of six at five guineas, are obtainable from the British Empire Union, 180, Piccadilly, and include supper. The aims of the British Empire Union—which stands for British Influence, British Labour, British Industries, and Britain for the British—appeal to everyone, and the Ball and Cabaret is likely to be a most delightful festivity.

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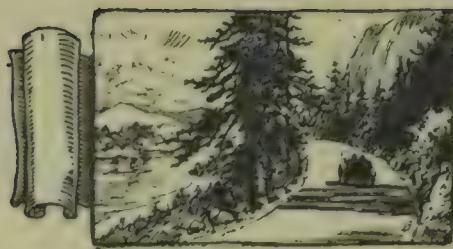
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By JOHN PRIOLEAU.

A POOR MAN'S LUXURY CAR—THE SIX-CYLINDER HUMBER.

ONE of the most interesting of the more recent types of cars is, to my thinking, the moderate-priced luxury machine. We have now an almost embarrassing choice of really luxurious cars, luxurious in every sense and in every detail, from mechanical to coach-building, at prices between £1500 and £3000. We can buy "Straight-Eights," "Twelves" and "Sixes" in bewildering profusion. So long as we are willing to put down enough money, it is quite difficult for us to-day to pick out a luxury car which is not a comparative success.

To these rich affairs is now being gradually added a class of car costing a great deal less, which in certain cases are as good as any of the £1500 or £2000 detachment. Not so much money may be spent on coachwork, and it may be that the designers and engineers are not paid quite such high salaries, and that the finished car does not get so exhaustive a test as the others; but, in so far as the ordinary user is concerned, the less expensive car gives service and performance which, in some instances, do not fall below theirs, and, in certain notable cases, far surpass them. In other words, there is coming into being, slowly, it is true, but I think steadily, the poor man's luxury car.

I have particularly in mind, in making these

speed may be, but I know that at fifty miles an hour you get the sensation of doing about thirty, and that at sixty the engine is just as happy as at forty.

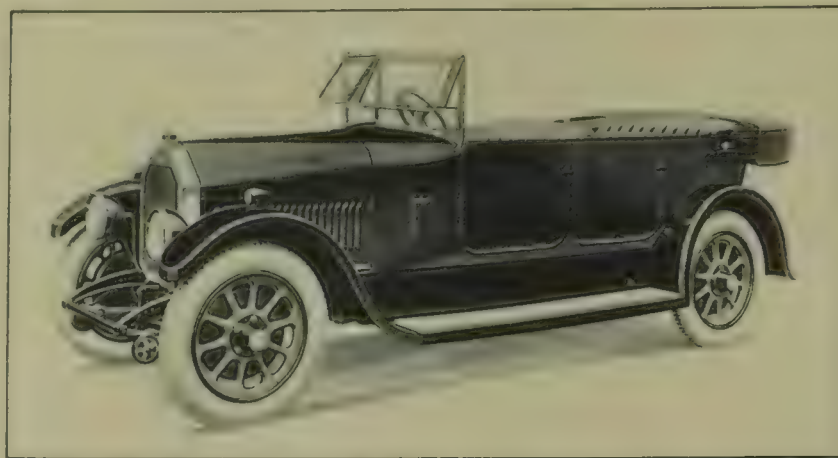
Sixty was actually the highest speed I felt inclined to reach, and it is possible that beyond that

detach by hand, without using tools or removing split-pins. Twin carburettors are fitted, and the magneto is driven by an adjustable silent chain. It is an engine in which an owner-driver is bound to take pride—an engine which compels you to keep it spotless.

The four-speed gear-box, which is controlled on the right-hand side, has the following ratios: top, 4.6 to 4; third, 7.22; second, 10, and bottom, about 17. I was glad to see that unit construction is not employed in this car, and that the short shaft which carries the power from the engine to the gear-box has two fabric universal joints.

The propeller shaft has a fabric joint behind the gear-box, and a metal one enclosed and running in oil just forward of the back axle. Everything about the chassis from end to end is properly finished, and I thought the description of the car given to me by an enthusiast very just: "You can turn the car upside down and find that it is quite as nice to look at underneath as on top."

The brake set comprises a four-wheel Perrot layout actuated by the pedal and a hand-operated contracting band transmission brake at the rear of the gear-box. On the road I found that the main essentials, apart from



OUR "CAR OF THE WEEK": THE 1927 HUMBER—A 20-55-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER FIVE-SEATED OPEN TOURER (WITHOUT REAR-SCREENS) AT £725.

there may be the period which it is so exceedingly difficult to eradicate from a six-cylinder engine. In any case, I don't think it is very important, because of the general liveliness of the car. Even if the comfortable maximum is sixty, you are certain of as high an average as you are ever likely to want in this country.

Here are some of the details of this poor man's luxury car. The engine is of the typical Humber type, with overhead inlet valves operated by rocker and push-rod, and exhaust lateral valves. The bore and stroke are 75 mm. by 116 mm., giving a cubic content of 3075 c.c., an R.A.C. rating of 20.9-h.p., and a tax liability of £21. The finish of everything about the engine is nearly as good as anything I have seen turned out by British factories. I was especially taken with the

ball-and-socket joints on the various control rods, which are of a kind you



A LONG "EIGHTEEN" ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY CAR NEGOTIATING A DEEPLY FLOODED ROAD IN THE MIDLANDS: THE MOTORIST AND HIS "ARK."

notes, the new 20-55-h.p. six-cylinder Humber, which made its appearance at the last Motor Show. Its prices are £725 for the five-seated open touring car; £940 for the four-door saloon and for the five-seven-seated four-door landaulet; and £1050 for the long wheel-base seven-seated saloon limousine. This is a car which impressed me considerably in a number of ways. The engine, which is of approximately three-litre size, runs with really astonishing silkiness and noiselessness. I could discover during the course of a long trial no perceptible vibration of either engine or transmission at any speed. The flexibility is also a marked feature, and you appreciate the combination of the two on top and third gears when swift acceleration becomes imperative. I have tried several cars of about this horsepower which have these pleasant qualities, but I was particularly interested in the Humber's performance because this unusual degree of smooth and noiseless running is attained without impairing the liveliness of the engine. You may not realise it at first, because the motion of the car is so remarkably smooth and elastic, but you can get that Humber along the road just about as fast as you ever wish to do it. I am not sure what the maximum



LION CUBS ON THE BONNET OF A ROLLS-ROYCE IN KENYA: A CAR THAT HAS COVERED 25,000 MILES IN AFRICA.

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CROSSLEY CARS FOR THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF YORK AND THEIR STAFF IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND: PART OF THE COMBINED FLEETS FOR SYDNEY AND AUCKLAND.

When the Duke and Duchess of York and staff arrive at Auckland, they will be met by a fleet of seven Crossley six-cylinder cars. Among them are an enclosed-limousine and a touring car for their personal use. A fleet of twelve will be in readiness at Sydney, where they arrive in March. The photograph shows a portion of the combined fleets. The cars for the personal use of the Duke and Duchess can be distinguished by the Duke's crest on the front of one of the enclosed-limousines (sixth from left) and one of the touring cars (extreme right). These two cars also have red glasses fitted in the side-lamps as a means of identification at night. These Crossley "Sixes" are the only official cars for the tour.

the engine performance, of a high-class car, the springing, the gear change and the steering, were really good, especially the steering. Gear-changing is rather easier than I found it on the four-cylinder 14-40-h.p. model, which means that there is nothing much to complain about. In fact, I am rather perturbed to find how difficult it is to find serious fault with this car.

Faults must exist, as they exist in all forms of machinery or anything else in this world, but I must confess that my search for them in this case, during a necessarily short acquaintance with the car, had meagre results. I was not impressed with the idle running of the engine, nor do I care at all for the lines of the open body, but that just about sums up my criticisms.

The finish of the bodywork is good, and all the details, not only of the instrument-board and its gadgets, but of the hood and screen equipment, show that a good deal of useful thought has been expended in completing this car.

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CHES.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

E G B BARLOW (Bournemouth).—We are perhaps very blind, but we strangely fail to discover a single dual in No. 3996, let alone "the good many" of which you speak. Perhaps you can enlighten us.

S F ADAMS (Honolulu).—Two of your solutions are quite correct, and duly acknowledged in the usual place. You will find in the other, however, that 1. Q takes Kt is answered by P to Q 6th; and when 2. Q takes R (ch), K to Q Kt 5th saves the situation.

W MASON (Sheffield).—You have merely omitted one move in your exhaustive analysis of No. 1 Christmas Nut—namely, 1. K to K 5th, and then where is mate? Caution, surely, is prescribed in challenging a problem that has successfully gone through the scrutiny of a prize competition.

CHARLES LITTLE (Port Elizabeth).—Your problem has had our careful examination, but how do you get over the consequences of 1. B takes R (ch)?

H BOSSONS (Newcastle, Staffordshire).—There is evidence of careful composition in your problem, and although there are some slight blemishes, the publication of it is under our consideration.

S GREENFIELD (St. Martin's Lane).—We are sorry we cannot make use of your three-mover. It is not without constructive skill, but the solution is too dark and colourless to be interesting.

T G COLLINGS (Hulme).—Your last contribution has exercised our mind considerably, and we may decide on submitting it to the judgment of our solvers.

FREDERICK SCHMARLOFF (Johnson City, Tenn.).—Forgive our blunder over the name of your city. You are, however, somewhat unfortunate in your attempts to crack the Christmas Nuts. You would have seen the use of the White Queen in No. 1 if you had found the right solution; and No. 3 has no alternative, as you suggest. In No. 5 Black replies with K takes Q (dis. ch), and when 2. Kt to K 7th (ch), R takes Kt (ch). It is to meet this very line of defence that White's key move is designed.

"IN MEMORIAM" CHES.

Game played at Hastings in the International Masters' Tournament of 1895, between Messrs. JANOWSKI and STEINITZ.
(Ruy Lopez Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. J.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	loses the pawn by 11. Q to K 2nd (ch), followed by B takes P.	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		
3. B to Kt 5th	P to Q R 3rd	11. R to K sq (ch) B to K 2nd	
4. B to R 4th	P to Q 3rd	12. P to B 6th P takes P	
5. Castles	K Kt to K 2nd	13. R P takes Kt P to Q 4th	
6. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to R 4th	14. Q to R 5th Q to Q 3rd	
7. P to Q 4th		15. Kt to B 3rd B to K 3rd	
		16. Kt to Kt 5th	

White is meeting a master of this opening, and is already drifting into danger. His move here is a bad one, sandwiched between two others equally inferior, and, as the sequel shows, should have cost him the game.

7. P takes P
8. Kt takes P P to Q B 4th
9. Kt to B 5th Kt takes Kt

Presumably the long strain of the tourney was telling on the old master's nerves, for he never would have made this mistake under ordinary circumstances. All he had to do now was B takes Kt, which wins a piece, whatever White does.

10. P takes Kt Kt takes B
Because P to Q B 5th only

After so fortunate an escape, White has rapidly made good his errors, and leaves little to be desired in the way of vigorous attack. The text move introduces a masterly combination, leading to speedy victory.

16. Q to B 3rd Q takes Kt
17. R takes B K to Q sq
18. B to R 6th R to K sq
19. Q takes B P R to K sq
20. Q R to K sq Q to Q 2nd
21. B to Kt 7th R to Q B sq
22. B takes P B takes B
23. Q takes B (ch) K to B 2nd
24. Q to K 5th (ch) Resigns.

Showing that when Homer nods with Homer, he that nods last gets the worst of it.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3995.—By L. W. CAFFERATA.

WHITE	BLACK
1. K to Q 3rd	P to Q 5th
2. R to Q sq	Anything
3. K to K 4th (dis ch), or Kt to Q B 4th, and mates accordingly.	

If 1. — K to K 4th, 2. Kt to Kt 7th, P to Q 5th; 3. B P takes P, mate.

An unpretentious problem of silent moves and no sacrifices, which has none the less given our solvers a good deal of pleasure, if we may judge by the expression of their opinions. The point of attraction seems to have been the second move in each variation, which some found rather difficult of discovery.

PROBLEM No. 3997.—By P. J. Wood.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

The death of D. Janowski, one of the foremost players of his day, is reported from Hyères, to which he had gone in broken health in hopes of taking part in a local tournament. The deceased was of Polish birth, but made his residence in Paris, where he developed in manners and style all the characteristics of his adopted country. After making a first appearance in international chess ranks at Leipzig in 1894, he had won for himself by the opening years of the present century a place that made him a possible candidate for the highest honours of the game, and in all the tournaments of that period he was either first or in the topmost quartet. He played in 1909 a short drawn match of two wins each with Lasker, but failed completely in two subsequent encounters of greater length, after which his powers steadily deteriorated, until he practically ceased to take part in first-class events. He belonged to the dashing, militant school of players, and was ever dangerous to the most powerful of his opponents, but his combinations were not always based on the safest of foundations. A typical instance was his defeat of Steinitz at Hastings in 1895, where he ought to have lost a piece and the game, but won it brilliantly with an overwhelming attack. We quote it above as an illustration of his methods.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3992 received from S T Adams (Honolulu); of No. 3993 from S T Adams (Honolulu), and S A. Hawarden (Benoni, Rhodesia); of No. 3994 from John Hanagan (Newburgh, N.Y.); of No. 3995 from V G Walrond (Haslingden), A Edmeston (Worsley), E Pinkney (Driffild), Rev. W Scott (Elgin), W Mason (Sheffield), and M E Jowett (Grange-on-Sands); and of No. 3996 from H W Satow (Bangor), J T Bridge (Colchester), L W Cafferata (Farndou), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), J P S (Cricklewood), A Edmeston (Worsley), C H Watson (Masham), P J Wood (Wakefield), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), R B N (Tewkesbury), J W Smedley (Oldham), J Hunter (Leicester), J B Beresford (Chapel-en-le-Frith), W Mason (Sheffield), and C B S (Canterbury).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS TO CHRISTMAS NUTS: J E Houseman (Chicoutimi), 6; Frederick Schmarloff (Johnson City, Tenn.), 1.

The result of the adjudication by Dr. Alekhine of the unfinished game in the cable match between London and Chicago has been to give the victory to the British team with a score of 4 against 2. London will therefore hold Mr. Insull's challenge cup for the ensuing year.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

SEELEY SERVICE.

Things Seen in Shakespeare's Country. Clive Holland. (3s. 6d. net.)
In Ashanti and Beyond. A. W. Cardinal. (21s. net.)
Savage Life in the Black Sudan. C. W. Domville Fife. (21s. net.)
Through Kamchatka by Dog-Sled and Ski. Sten Bergman. (21s. net.)
The Cliff Dwellers of Kenya. J. A. Massam. (21s. net.)

ARROWSMITH.

Charles I. in Captivity. Gertrude Scott Stevenson. (15s. net.)
Kingpin. Tristram Tupper. (7s. 6d. net.)

HEINEMANN.

Mortal Image. Elinor Wylie. (7s. 6d. net.)
The National History of France: The Earliest Times. Fr. Funck-Brentano. (12s. 6d. net.)

METHUEN.

Fifty Miles Round Paris. Cecilia Hill. (6s. net.)
Out of Bounds. Sybil Campbell Lethbridge. (7s. 6d. net.)

STANLEY PAUL.

Hunting in Africa East and West. Charles P. Curtis and Richard P. Curtis. (16s. net.)

BATSFORD.

Life in Regency and Early Victorian Times. E. Beresford Chancellor. (25s. net.)
Everyday Life in the Old Stone Age. Marjorie and C. H. B. Quennell. (5s. net.)

CASELL.

Etiquette. Mrs. Massey Lyon. (21s. net.)
"Those Ashes": The Australian Tour of 1926. M. A. Noble. (15s. net.)

JARROLD.

Black Wings. Moray Dalton. (7s. 6d. net.)
The Man in the Sandhills. Antony Marsden. (7s. 6d. net.)



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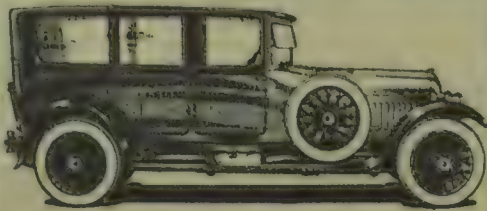
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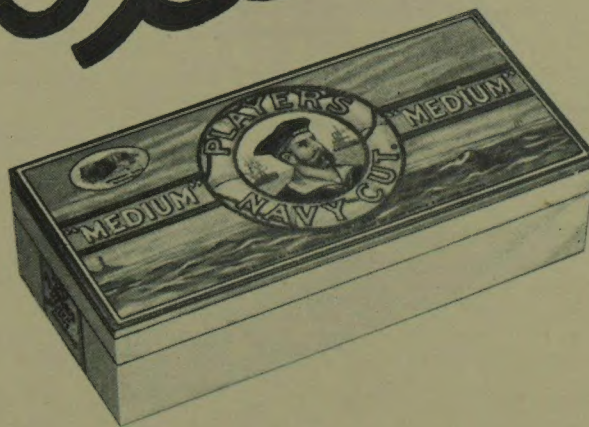


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REPTILES AND AMPHIBIANS.

(SEE ILLUSTRATIONS ON PAGES 300-301.)

ALL those creatures of whose legendary ancestor it is written "It shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel," are chronicled and pictured in a new and fascinating book which will appeal both to the naturalist and the general reader, namely, "Reptiles and Amphibians: Their Habits and Adaptations," by Thomas Barbour, Curator of Reptiles and Amphibians in the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard College, illustrated in part by George Nelson, Preparator in the Museum (Harrap; 10s. 6d. net).

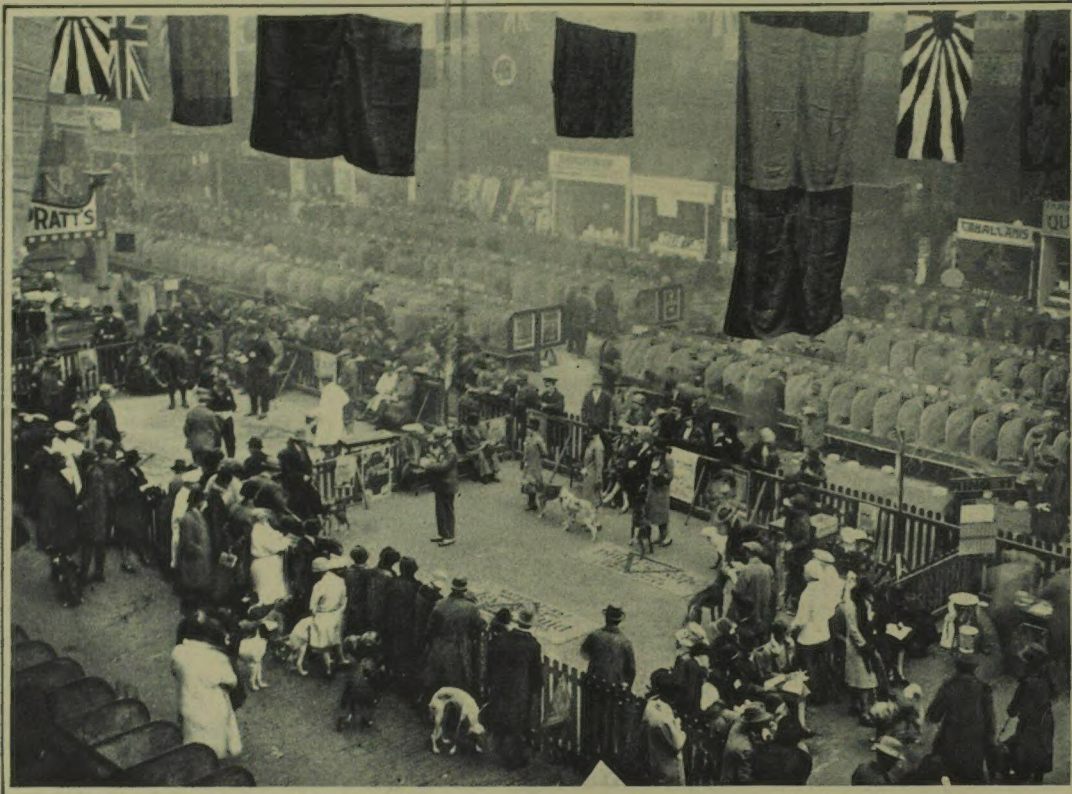
There is indeed a fascination about the reptilian and amphibian world, for in no other department of animal life are to be found more peculiar forms of body, modes of birth, and manner of capturing and devouring prey. Of the various ways in which the descendants of the serpent "bruise the heel" of man, and of animals on which they feed, Mr. Barbour gives a very interesting account in his chapters on "Poisons and Poisonous Snakes," "The Fang and Its Function," and "Feeding Habits and Dentition." The feeding habits of some snakes are extraordinary. One of his illustrations shows a python which had swallowed whole a full-grown wild pig.

The general reader has perhaps but a vague idea of the relation of reptiles to the amphibians, and their place in the evolution of life. "According to the estimate of geological time now generally agreed upon," writes Mr. Barbour,

"reptilian life has probably been present upon the earth some ninety million years or more, and the appearance of Amphibia took place probably at least three or four million years earlier. . . . There can be no doubt that the Amphibia sprang from the fishes and gave rise to the reptiles." Full of curious

Mr. Barbour concludes a very able and stimulating work with an appeal to the photographer and the field naturalist to give more attention to reptiles and amphibians, the field study of which, through prejudice, lags far behind what has been done in bird photography. No complaint, however, can be urged against his own book in that respect, for it is abundantly illustrated with excellent photographs.

Debrett's "House of Commons and the Judicial Bench" for 1927 is now on sale, at the price of 20s., this being its sixty-first year of annual issue. The book has been corrected up to Jan. 25 last, and contains all its usual features, which include a list of the Ministry, a table of Technical Parliamentary Expressions, a complete list of the Peers of the Realm, of the Members of Parliament, and of the counties, boroughs, and universities returning Members to Westminster, as well as a list of the Judges, Recorders, and Magistrates of the United Kingdom, and of the Dominion and Colonial Judges. Mr. Arthur Hesilrige contributes a concise and interesting preface dealing with various matters of political importance, such as the meetings of Parliament for the continuance of Emergency Powers, the contemplated change in the title of Parliament, and Viscount Craigavon's unique position. Debrett's "House of Commons and the Judicial Bench" is, in fact, an indispensable volume in the library of any man or woman who takes any active interest in politics.



THE "RECORD" ENTRY AT CRUFT'S GREAT INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE JUDGING RINGS AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL.

This year's entry at Cruft's Great International Dog Show, held at the Royal Agricultural Hall, attained the "record" total of 9816, some 600 more than last year. The breeds that showed a conspicuous increase in numbers of exhibits were Alsatis, gun dogs, terriers, Dalmatians, Chows, and Pekingese. The King was among the prize-winners.—[Photograph by C.N.]

information are the chapters on protective devices in snakes, adaptations of frogs and lizards, salamanders, and superstitions associated with snakes and amphibians.

and the Judicial Bench" is, in fact, an indispensable volume in the library of any man or woman who takes any active interest in politics.

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THE BOOKSELLER'S WINDOW.

THE STARLING. By DORIS LESLIE. (Hurst and Blackett; 7s. 6d.)

Novel-readers who like ultra-modernity both in dialogue and characterisation are sure to enjoy "The Starling," by Doris Leslie, which is a first novel by a writer of remarkable promise. The scene shifts from London and an up-river bungalow at Bray to Florence, and then back to London; the author knows her ground thoroughly, both in England and Italy; the time is the very present. The book takes its title from that of a play, in which the heroine sees her own predicament forcibly portrayed; and the play in turn took its title from "Sterne's starling that was perpetually beating at the bars of its cage and crying 'I want to get out.'" Marcia Fennell, a lovely young war widow engaged to a rich and amiable, but commonplace, merchant, wanted to get out before she had actually got in, and the story tells her various efforts to that end. The ways of escape that offered themselves were of an amatory sort, and, needless to say, the starling singed her wings in the flame of love. It is an excellent story, vivaciously told, of social life "on the fringe of Bohemia," and the people in it are alive and clearly drawn. While the manner is light and amusing, the matter goes deep into the "ego-

centricity" of the new generation, and the peculiar lack of responsibility or personal loyalty in the "modernist" type of lover. The author has certainly made a "hit" in her debut on the stage of fiction.

DOOMSDAY. By WARWICK DEEPING. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)

The plot of "Doomsday" is as old as the art of story-telling. Its attraction never fails; a thousand years hence people will still be faithful to the story of the woman who loved a poor man and married a rich one, and came homing back to her true love in the end. In Warwick Deeping's novel it wears the dress of the present day. This gives him the opportunity of showing the inner secrets as well as the outer hideousness of a Sussex bungalow town. The secrets, to be sure, do not vary much from the dark places of genteel poverty elsewhere, except that jerry-building on the face of a beautiful county has its peculiar degradation. The book would have been truer to life if it had ended at the seventeenth chapter—but then it would not have been the eternal fairy-tale. Real people do not commonly get a second chance; or if they do, as Sir James Barrie has illustrated for us, they continue to be underlings. Mary Viner, returned from luxury to be a working farmer's wife, will not live happily on bread-and-cheese and kisses. By which it will be seen that Mr. Deeping is a romantic novelist not very

much concerned with the deeper psychology. "Doomsday" is sensitive to landscape effects, and vigorous in action. These are the compensations it offers for its superficiality; and it is certain that the popular taste will find them sufficient.

The Chelsea Arts Club Ball is one of the most famous of fancy-dress revels, and possesses a character of its own. This year Sir William Orpen has designed the background for the ball, which is fixed for Feb. 24, at the Albert Hall. His theme is "Merrie England," and the scene will picture Old London by Night. A realistic impression of the Thames has been arranged by means of lights, and in the foreground a silhouette of Old London Bridge will figure, minutely reproduced from contemporary prints. The centrepiece, constructed and designed by Henry Poole, the sculptor, will be a roundabout, and the figures on the horses will represent characters from history and romance who have helped to make England merry. Good Queen Bess rides with Sir Walter Raleigh, and Lady Godiva and Jorrock, Charles Dickens and Mrs. Gamp, will all be there in effigy. Altogether, this year's Chelsea Arts Club Ball promises to be as splendid a spectacle and as jolly a festival as it always has been in the past.

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